

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 745

MARCH 8, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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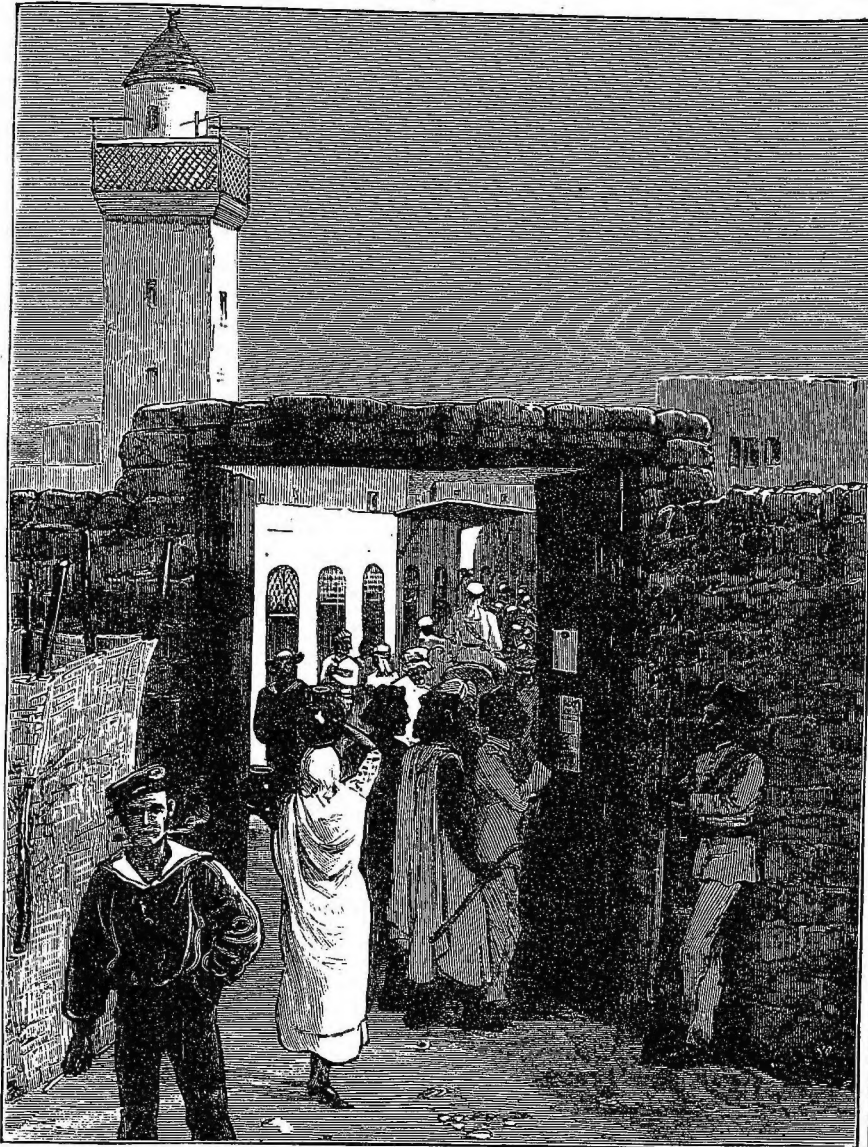
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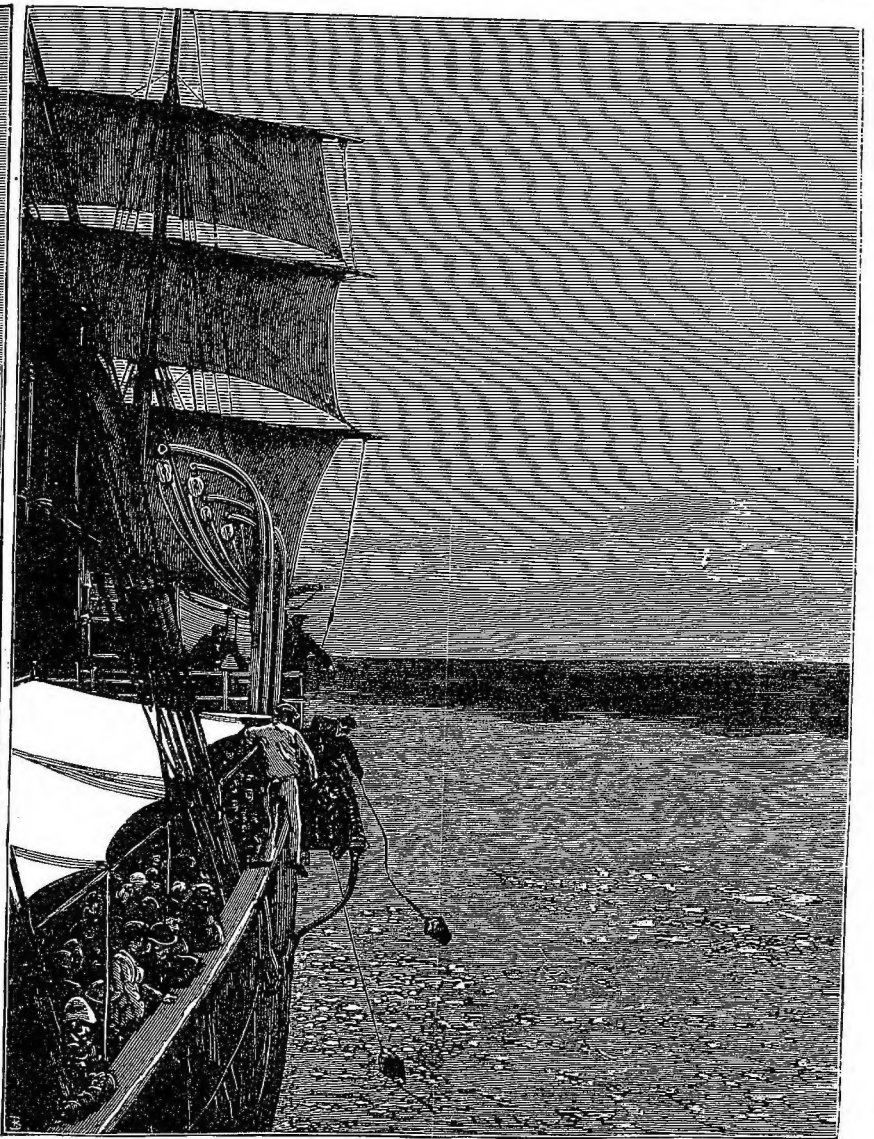
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SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884

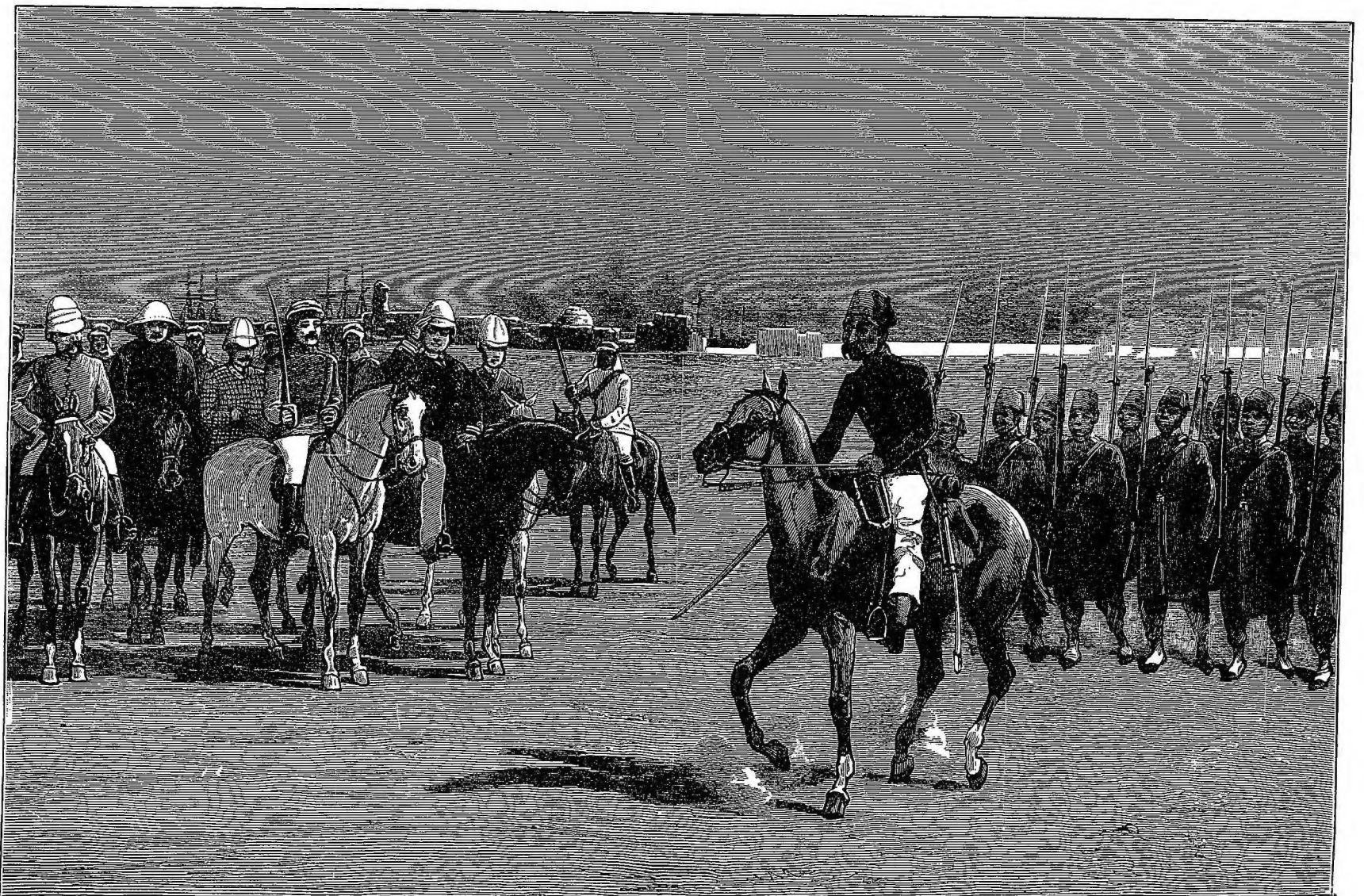
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THE SOUDAN—READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE, SUAKIM
Colonel Burnaby General Baker Admiral Sir W. Hewett



THE RECENT ERUPTION IN THE STRAITS OF SUNDA—SAILING THROUGH PUMICE STONE



REVIEW OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT SUAKIM BY ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER AT SUAKIM

Topics of the Week

GENERAL GRAHAM'S VICTORY.—The so-called "rebels" of the Soudan are, in comparison with Arabi's battalions at Tel-el-Kebir, as bull-dogs are to sheep. The fanatical courage which they displayed, the reckless daring with which they rushed on certain death, could not be excelled in any nation. The odds were tremendously against them. Spears and lances, however skillfully wielded, and personal pluck, however splendid, are bound to give way before disciplined ranks of soldiers armed with the latest inventions of science. At the same time, great credit is due to General Graham for the skilful disposition of his forces, and to his officers and men for the cheerful courage and unswerving tenacity which they displayed. Their foemen were worthy to be called the Zulus of Northern Africa, and any blundering or indecision might have converted what was a Ulundi into an Isandlwana. But while giving all praise to the admirable behaviour of our soldiers, no conscientious man can regard this slaughter with complacency, especially when he reads the feeble subterfuges with which Mr. Gladstone strove to parry Sir Wilfrid Lawson's objurgations. The simple and incontestable fact remains that the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's force, the rout of Baker Pasha's expedition, and the conflict of the 29th of February, are all incidents which might have been avoided had our Government acted from the outset with vigour and decision. It is a curious proof of the contempt with which their Egyptian policy is regarded that on Monday many people believed the incredible rumour that directly after the fight at Teb they had recalled General Graham. Fortunately the rumour proved to be baseless, and there is good hope for believing that last week's slaughter may stop the further effusion of blood. The Soudanese have been taught that a nondescript army of Egyptians and other nationalities officered by Europeans is, as "a man-slaying machine," a very different apparatus from such a homogeneous force of "Franks" as that with which General Graham won the day at Teb.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.—The Opposition have decided to resist the Franchise Bill on the ground that the House of Commons ought to have before it "the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people." Nobody, however, supposes that this is the only, or even the principal, reason why they dislike the measure. If the "entire scheme" were submitted to Parliament, it would be as little to the taste of the Conservatives as the Bill against which they now propose to vote. For some reason or other the members of the Tory party, while claiming to be more truly popular than the Liberals, find it impossible to trust the majority of their countrymen. They have always dreaded the extension of the franchise; and if, in agreeing to the last Reform Bill, they went beyond their opponents in a democratic direction, that was due, not to any change in their convictions, but to the influence of the man of genius who happened to be their Leader. There is no indication that their fears on the present occasion are shared by any considerable number of politicians who have a general sympathy with the Liberal party. Mr. Goschen, in the very able speech which he contributed to the debate on the first reading, contended that it is unwise to make any one class predominant in the State, and that agricultural labourers ought to have had some experience in the working of local institutions before being called upon to exercise higher functions. He did not, however, adopt the tone of an alarmist; he went out of his way to express perfect confidence in the good sense of working men as a class. Very few Liberals entertain even Mr. Goschen's mild doubts. That the Franchise Bill has excited enthusiasm cannot, indeed, be said; but the supporters of the Government accept it cordially as a measure from which much good may be expected. Experience is unquestionably in its favour. The first and second Reform Bills led to none of the terrible consequences which were predicted; and there is every reason to believe that the results of the third Reform Bill will be equally satisfactory.

EXAMINING LUGGAGE.—There has been an outcry against the Customs House officers who are alleged to have let dynamite enter the country; but how are examiners of luggage to suspect dynamite in the innocent-looking packages, which may be labelled "Plate-powder," or anything else? It is often said that experienced officers can tell by a man's mere look whether he is carrying contraband, which means that they often pounce upon nervous individuals who are ill at ease with themselves for trying to smuggle two boxes of cigars. But the cool man, who is off-hand and peremptory in his manner, as well as free with his small coin, is pretty sure to avoid suspicion; and it must be added that the Customs House officers are too much harried and bullied by travellers who don't "tip" to be severe with those who do. As a class they get more hard words and less encouragement in doing their duty than any other public servants. As to hotel managers, it ought not to be

difficult for them with a little vigilance to spy out visitors whose conduct or belongings are suspicious; and probably it would be very difficult for any man to introduce much dynamite into an hotel at this moment. But precautions are always relaxed after a time, so that a criminal has only to wait. We ought all to be acting now exactly as if the four contemplated explosions had succeeded, and had caused immense destruction of life. But are we doing this, and how long shall we do it?

THE CONGO TREATY.—Within the memory of middle-aged men, not much was known about the Congo River, which was very indefinitely marked on the maps. It is now found to be one of the largest of African rivers, pouring into the sea a volume of water even exceeding that of the Nile. Over the vast regions of which this river is the main outlet, and whose capabilities have been recently explored by Stanley and Johnston, Portugal has for centuries exercised a vague and indeterminate sovereignty. Most of the other available regions of the world being already occupied by colonists, the nations of Europe have of late years more and more turned their attention towards the "Dark Continent;" and a feeling has arisen that the Portuguese are not justified in monopolising a vast tract of the earth's surface, of which they make little or no use. This, and their tendency to levy prohibitory Customs' duties, have been the cause of the negotiation of the Treaty which has just been signed by our own and the Portuguese Governments, but which is to be submitted to Parliament for ratification. The main features of the Treaty are, first, that it formally recognises the Sovereignty of Portugal on the Congo, but fixes a definite frontier to that Sovereignty; secondly, that it places the levage of Customs' duties under the control of an Anglo-Portuguese Commission; and, thirdly, that it makes arrangements between the two nations for the suppression of the slave-trade. It is not easy to see much to complain of in this Treaty. Nobody supposes that if we had refused to admit the claims of the Portuguese, the native chiefs would have been left to themselves; on the contrary, the region would have become an intriguing-ground for representatives of various nations, with the possible result of a European war. And we incline to think that, just because of their inertness, the Portuguese are the best custodians of this region. Countries whose climate makes them the *habitat* of dark-skinned races are usually happier under the sway of the easy-going, rather indolent peoples of Southern Europe, than when dominated by the pushing go-ahead Anglo-Saxon.

IRELAND AND THE FRANCHISE.—At one time it was thought that the inclusion of Ireland in the Franchise Bill would be opposed even by some members of the Liberal party. The proposal has been persistently resisted by the most prominent Liberal journal in Scotland; and it seemed not improbable that, in this respect, the *Scotsman* represented the feeling of a considerable number of those politicians who would formerly have been called Whigs. It turns out, however, that the position taken by the *Scotsman* is exceptional. Liberals seem to be all but unanimously of opinion that it would be foolish to give Ireland a new cause of complaint; and that, if the masses of the Irish people are vehemently opposed to the connection of their country with England, they ought to have an opportunity of letting their real sentiments be known. Mr. Gladstone is much mistaken if he supposes that his notions as to what should be done for Ireland in the Redistribution Bill will be received with equal favour. He holds that the present representation of Ireland should be maintained; but he has not advanced a single argument which tends to prove either the justice or the expediency of this suggestion. The population of Ireland is steadily decreasing, while that of England is as steadily increasing. What possible reason can there be for omitting this fact from consideration? In a letter to the *Times* the other day, an authoritative writer, who calls himself "Statist," contended that "Ireland would have an ample share of representation in the Parliament of the United Kingdom with less than seventy members." In this calculation he took into account taxation as well as population; but even on the basis of population alone Ireland has a fair claim only to ninety members, and in the course of a few years this claim may be considerably reduced. It is incredible that, in a matter of such vital importance, England should allow Ireland to profit at her expense.

"HOW THE RICH LIVE."—Lady John Manners has probably heard of Seneca writing the praise of Poverty on a golden table. Her picture of the gross way in which some of the rich live is open to the objection of raising many delicate social questions which the world is not yet prepared to settle, though there are too many political quacks who are ready with ill-considered schemes for settling them. As every damage which a man does to himself inflicts injury upon the community, it is obvious that men who pamper themselves by over-indulgence in eating and drinking, destroying their health and morals, and setting mischievous examples, work evil in many unseen ways. But it is a beneficent dispensation of Providence that no evil bears only bad fruits. We may not go so far as Pope, and say: "All partial evil universal good," but we may at least remember that every luxury in which the rich indulge brings

money to somebody. There is no waste in Nature, but, as Paley finely said to a young spendthrift: "You are only making crumbs of your guineas, and they will fall into poor men's laps." Of course it shocks any man to think of roysterers tippling and spilling rich wines, and spoiling choice food which might save the life of some poor woman in the next street; but it is shocking, also, to think of poor people huddling and shivering in cold filthy homes while the rich have in their well-warmed houses many more rooms than they want. There are many ugly spots on the face of our Society, but seeing is not curing.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND THE DYNAMITARDS.—American journalists tell us that if we can bring forward evidence sufficient to justify the extradition of the persons suspected of the recent outrages at London railway stations, their Government will not fail to fulfil its legal obligations. This is rather cold comfort. It is like saying, "If you will put some salt on the bird's tail we will catch it for you." What we, on this side of the Atlantic, who are the victims of these villainies, would prefer is that the United States authorities should view these miscreants as enemies of the human race, as outside the law, and that they should break up their organisations without form or ceremony. It is, however, most improbable that such vigorous action will be taken. The Irish vote is a powerful engine in American politics, and both Cabinet and Congress are loth to offend it. And without doubt there would be a tremendous outcry among the American Irish if the President were to yield up persons accused of these offences to almost certain death or lifelong imprisonment in this country. Then it must be remembered that nations are uncharitable about their neighbours' political offenders. The complacent Englishman is wont to think that the grinding despotism of Russia breeds Nihilists. The average American believes, likely enough, that Irish-American Fenianism is traceable to the doings of Anglo-Irish landlords. John Bull refused to give up Dr. Bernard for conspiring to murder Napoleon III.; Jonathan refuses to meddle (unless the clearest evidence is adduced) with Fenian heroes who leave explosive packages in cloak-rooms with the view of mangling and mutilating railway passengers.

KHARTOUM.—It may be hoped that Parliament will still be able to force Mr. Gladstone to reconsider his decision as to the abandonment of Khartoum. He pleads that Khartoum is in the Soudan, and that the Soudan is to be given up with the general consent of Englishmen; but Suakim is also in the Soudan, and Suakim is to be retained. Why should not Khartoum be retained also? It is impossible that we should leave the town without setting up in it some kind of government; and the universal opinion of the natives seems to be that the only man connected with the Soudan who can be entrusted with supreme power is Zebehr Pasha. His supremacy would mean the continuance of the slave traffic. No doubt he would accept as many conditions as we might please to propose; but we should have no means of enforcing them, and no local influence would be strong enough to contend with him. On the other hand, if England in the name of Egypt held Khartoum, the slave traffic could be steadily discouraged; and by the creation of the much talked-of railway between Suakim and Berber we might hope to develop all the elements of prosperity which the Soudan possesses. If the retention of Khartoum were likely to occasion a great deal of trouble, something might be said for Mr. Gladstone's resolution; but now, when the power of England has been demonstrated, it would be far more troublesome to go away than to remain. In this matter Mr. Gladstone is striving, as he has so often striven lately, to maintain a show of consistency which cannot be maintained without the sacrifice of the interests both of Egypt and of England.

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.—Sir William Harcourt is perhaps too sanguine in thinking that existing laws give him power enough to cope with foreign desperadoes who visit these shores; but it is satisfactory to hear that he will not scruple to ask for more powers should he find himself mistaken. There can be no question of requiring strangers to show passports, for the passport system has long ago been shown to be vexatious and ineffective. Though passports are not so easily obtained in every country as they are here, they have always been held to prove too much in favour of those who were provided with them. They were accepted as certificates of respectability, which they are not. What we ought to do, and shall be compelled to do some day, is to insist, as other nations do, that aliens who come here shall furnish evidence as to their identity, and satisfy our police that they have either the actual means or fair prospects of supporting themselves in this country. We have enough to do with our own poor, without harbouring aliens whose names and antecedents we do not know, and who, flying from justice in their own countries, are too often tempted by our imprudent hospitality to continue their malpractices here. If we go no further, to start with, we ought to act like our neighbours, in ordering out of the country all foreigners who are vagrants, who have been convicted of offences against the laws, or who might be reasonably suspected of

leading dishonest lives. There might be some difficulty in dealing with Irish-Americans on this plan, but it is one which would have to be overcome.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.—This industry has undergone many fluctuations. As everybody knows, it began under the pressure of dire necessities. The great Revolution in France produced an imitative revolt among the negroes of the French West India Colonies, with the result of a sugar famine. The beet-root farmer came to the rescue; Napoleon encouraged him warmly; and, by the time of the Battle of Waterloo, beet-root growing, for the purpose of sugar-making, had become an important industry on the Continent. But it was dependent greatly on artificial advantages: it paid no duty, and therefore was practically bounty-fed by the Colonial sugar, which paid heavy duties. We can well remember that in the political economy treatises of forty years ago the beet-root sugar manufacture was always cited as "a frightful example" of Protection à outrance. The Colonists complained bitterly, whereupon duties were gradually levied on the beet-men. But now came another piece of luck for beet-root: in 1848 the French slaves were emancipated, and the sugar imports fell off enormously. From that time onwards the beet-root industry has become more and more firmly established, and the processes of manufacture have been largely improved. Germany alone produces 9,000,000 tons of beet-root; half the sugar consumed last year in the United Kingdom was made from European-grown beet; and it is quite possible that, before the close of the century, the temperate world will be able to supply its needs in sweets without troubling the tropics. Hitherto, sugar-beet growing experiments in this country have been on a small and unsatisfactory scale; but now a sugar factory is about to be erected at Lavenham, in Suffolk, provided the adjoining farmers will supply the needful raw material. As grain-crops rarely pay expenses, and as all men cannot turn jam-makers, it is fervently to be hoped that the enterprise will answer. Our chief fear is that our summer heat (it is below that of North Germany) is not great enough or constant enough for the proper ripening of the root.

MINORITIES.—The question of the representation of minorities is likely very soon to become one of the most urgent political questions of the day. And it will certainly deserve all the prominence it may receive. It is not, of course, disputed that, in countries which possess thoroughly representative institutions, the majority must always in the end have its way. That is an inevitable consequence of the representative system, and few Liberals would be disposed to change it if they could. But there is no reason why the majority should act without hearing all that minorities have to say. On the contrary, the true conception of the democratic method of government implies that there shall be ample opportunity for the expression of every shade of opinion; and if this is denied, the democracy may be called by fine names, but in reality it becomes merely a very disagreeable form of tyranny. It is sometimes said that minorities can make themselves heard without being represented in Parliament; and that is so. But they cannot make themselves heard so effectually, or with so good a chance of exercising a direct and wholesome influence on legislation. The difficulty is to devise some scheme which shall be simple in its main outlines, and perfectly fair to majorities as well as to minorities. Mr. Mill was an ardent advocate of Mr. Hare's scheme; and in Utopia it would, no doubt, work admirably. In practical England it would probably cause much confusion. No plan will have a chance of success unless its supporters can show that it will fit easily into existing arrangements.

A MEMORIAL TO DICKENS.—Because Charles Dickens prayed in his will that "no monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever" should be erected to him, that would be no reason for deferring to his wishes if monuments were raised by vote of Parliament, and could be held to confer national honour. As this is not the case, as our climate lends itself very little to the preservation of statuary, and as most of the statues erected in London are poor things to look at, it is quite possible that the novelist's antipathy towards such memorials amounted simply to a distaste for being caricatured. Dickens's books have made him a monument *per se*. Better that he should have no other, than that his image should be set up among the smoke and weather-stained specimens of mediocre statuary which are to be found in various parts of London. Not to be unjust towards our English artists it must be noted that the difficulties of commemorating literary workers happily and strikingly in bronze or marble are very great. Houdon's statue of Voltaire looks very well in the vestibule of the Théâtre Français, but the open-air copy of it in one of the streets cuts a very paltry figure. The lately inaugurated statue of Alexandre Dumas is not a success, and that of Balzac, which is to be set up soon, is understood to have given immense trouble to all concerned in designing it.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing Illustrations of SCENES in the LIFE of GENERAL GORDON, with Descriptive Letter-press by A. Egmont Hake.

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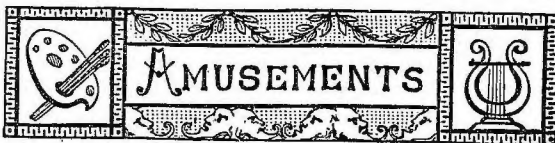
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SINCE the occurrence of the terrible volcanic disturbances last August in the Straits of Sunda, many vessels have encountered immense flocks of pumice-stone in the Eastern seas. The s.s. *Marlborough* passed through one of these flocks on January 17th, on the voyage between Saigon and Sourabaya. Her position at noon was 4.31.20 south; 111.1.0 east; distance 320 miles south by east from Hog Island, Straits of Sunda. The photographs (which were instantaneous) were taken from the starboard quarter boat, swung out on the davits, just as the ship was going full speed among the thickest of it. The sensation in passing through the pumice-stone was most peculiar, many of the passengers saying that it reminded them of driving along a newly-laid gravel walk. The crew fished up the pumice-stone in baskets, some of the pieces being over two feet in diameter.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. W. C. Jack, Chief Engineer of s.s. *Marlborough*.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

AFTER BAKER PASHA'S DEFEAT

"THIS sketch," writes Major G. D. Giles, "represents Admiral Sir W. Hewett reviewing the Egyptian troops. The troops being formed, Admiral Hewett, accompanied by General Baker Pasha and his Staff, rode down the line. After this there was a march past, General Baker standing with his sword drawn, and Admiral Hewett saluting in return to the salutes of the various regiments as they passed. Line was then formed again, and 'God Save the Queen' was played, the troops presenting arms. This was the first public notification to the troops that a British officer was in supreme command, and that the Egyptian rule in the Soudan had given place to that of England."

GATEWAY LEADING INTO THE SUAKIM BAZAAR

"THIS sketch represents the Egyptians at Suakim reading the Proclamation announcing that the town was in a state of siege, and that England had assumed the Protectorate. The Proclamation, written in Arabic, was posted upon the doors of the gateway into the Bazaar. Groups of people of all kinds stopped to read it. There has been a noticeable difference in the Bazaar since, and order is being gradually established."

SCENE IN SUAKIM ON RECEIPT OF THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF SINKAT

"To any one who has never been in the East, and is unacquainted with the utter abandonment of grief to which African women give way, the scene represented in my sketch will be almost incredible. On the receipt of the news in Suakim that Sinkat had fallen, the widows and female relations of the murdered Soudanese soldiers crowded into the streets and gave vent to their feelings. Uttering the most heartrending cries, intermingled with curses on the white officers who had led their loved ones out to destruction, they prostrated themselves on the ground, tearing their raiment, and throwing dust on their heads. The scene was most painful."

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. GRAHAM, V.C., K.C.B.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, K.C.B., who commands the force now acting against Osman Digna in the Eastern Soudan, is the son of the late R. H. Graham, Esq., M.D., of Eden Breads, Cumberland. He was born in 1831, received his military education at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1850. He served in the Crimea, and was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman. He led a ladder-party to the assault of the Redan, for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross. He was twice wounded during the campaign. In 1860 he went to China, and served at the assaults of Tangu and the Taku Forts, and was present at the surrender of Peking. He was also wounded during this campaign. In 1881 he was promoted to be Major-General, and in the autumn of the following year was appointed to the command of the Second Brigade of the Egyptian Expedition. He was present at the engagements of El-Maghar and Tel Mahuta, the two actions of Kassassin, in the first of which, with 1,700 men, he beat off an attack of 10,000 of Arab's followers, and at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. For his services in the campaign he received the thanks of Parliament, and when peace was restored, was left in charge of a brigade at Cairo. When, on Baker Pasha's defeat, the British Government decided to send an expeditionary force to Suakim to relieve the beleaguered garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, General Graham was appointed to the command. Of the success of his arrangements, his victory at Teb, and subsequent occupation of Tokar, we speak elsewhere. On Monday evening Mr. Gladstone paid a graceful tribute in the House to the manner in which he had performed his task. General Graham married the daughter of George Durrant, Esq., of Elm Hall, Suffolk, and widow of the Rev. G. B. Blocker, Rector of East and West Rudham, Norfolk.—Our portrait is from a photograph by O. Schoefft, Cairo.

THE CHURCH OF ST. URBAN, TROYES

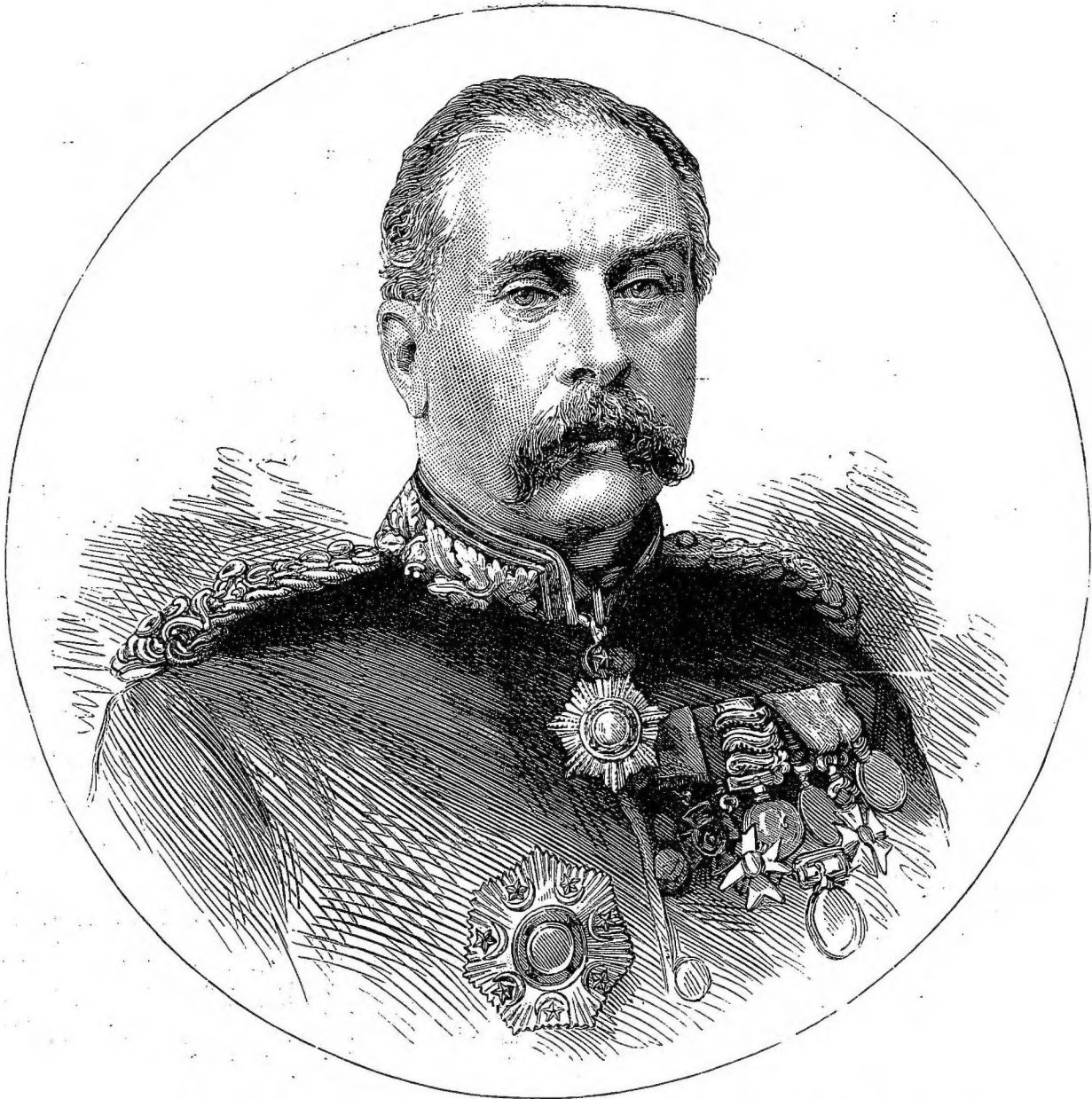
TROYES, the ancient capital of Champagne, and chief town of the Department of the Aube, suffered grievously from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when many of its most industrious citizens were banished, and its present population amounts to only two-thirds of the 60,000 which it boasted in the days of Henry IV. There is much that is interesting in Troyes. Some of the old houses, built of timber and plaster, or parqueting, exactly in the old English style, are still extant, and it possesses (or rather did possess, for many of them are abandoned to decay or turned to other uses) no less than twenty-four stately Gothic churches. The most remarkable of these are St. Madeleine, celebrated for its beautiful roof screen of white stone, and St. Urban, which ranks with Chartres Cathedral and La Ste. Chapelle as one of the architectural glories of France. St. Urban consists of choir and transept, the nave never having been completed; indeed the site upon which it should have been built has long since been covered with houses. The church contains a good deal of open tracery, such as is found at Cologne, but of which there are very few examples on the French side of the Rhine. Marshal Vauban, who studied Gothic architecture attentively, used to say of this church that it was built of *coupon* (remnants).

Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. Wyke Bayliss in the Exhibition of his collected works at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery in New Bond Street. The drawing belongs to Miss Ellis, of Clapham Park.

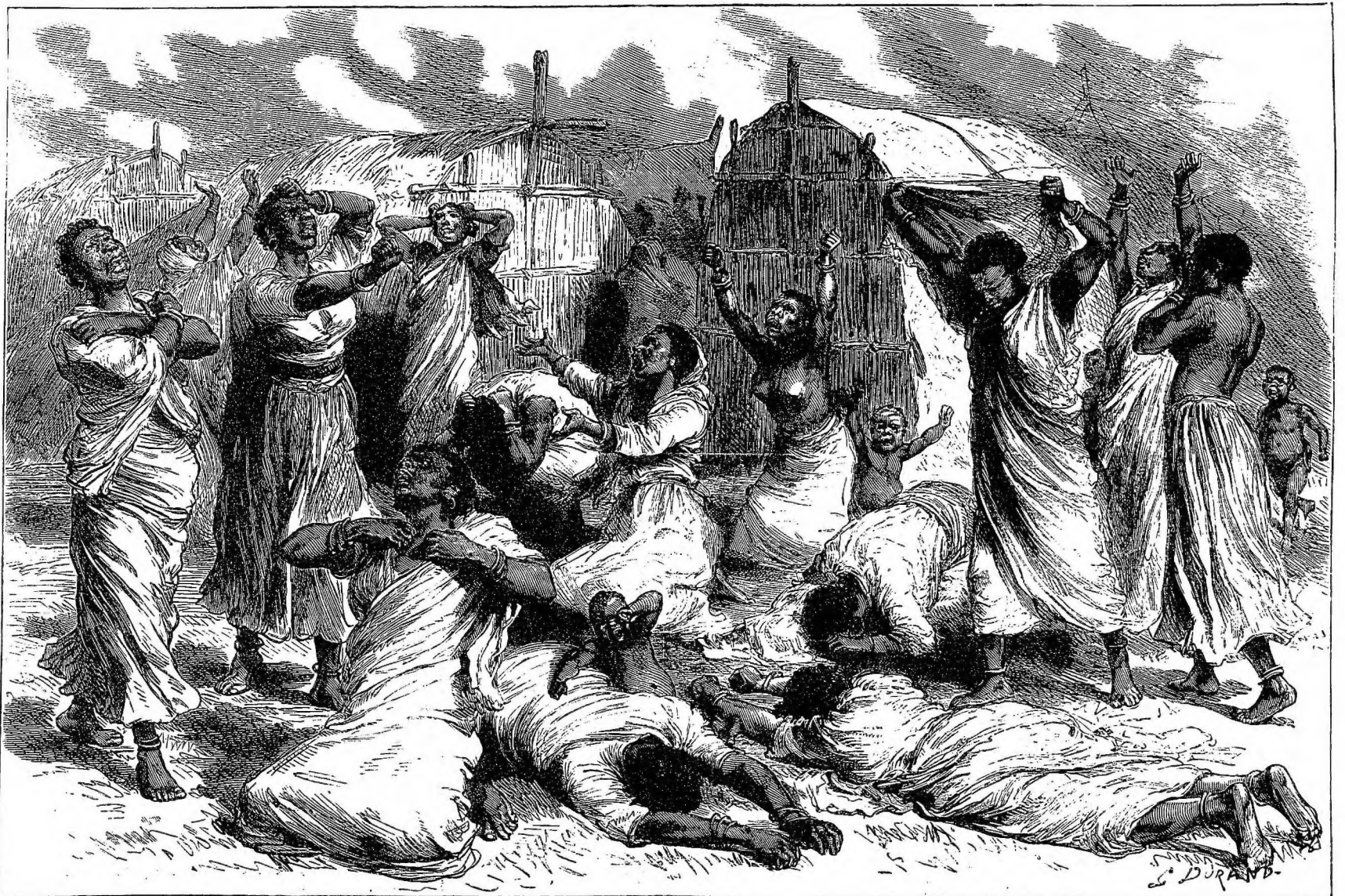
A MALAY KALIFA AT CAPE TOWN

SOME European visitors were allowed to be present at one of these peculiar Mahomedan ceremonies which took place recently in the house of a leading Malay citizen of Cape Town.

The guests were politely escorted to their seats in a spacious square-built room of the Dutch type. In front of them was a



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, R.E., V.C., K.C.B.
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES DEFENDING THE RED SEA LITTORAL

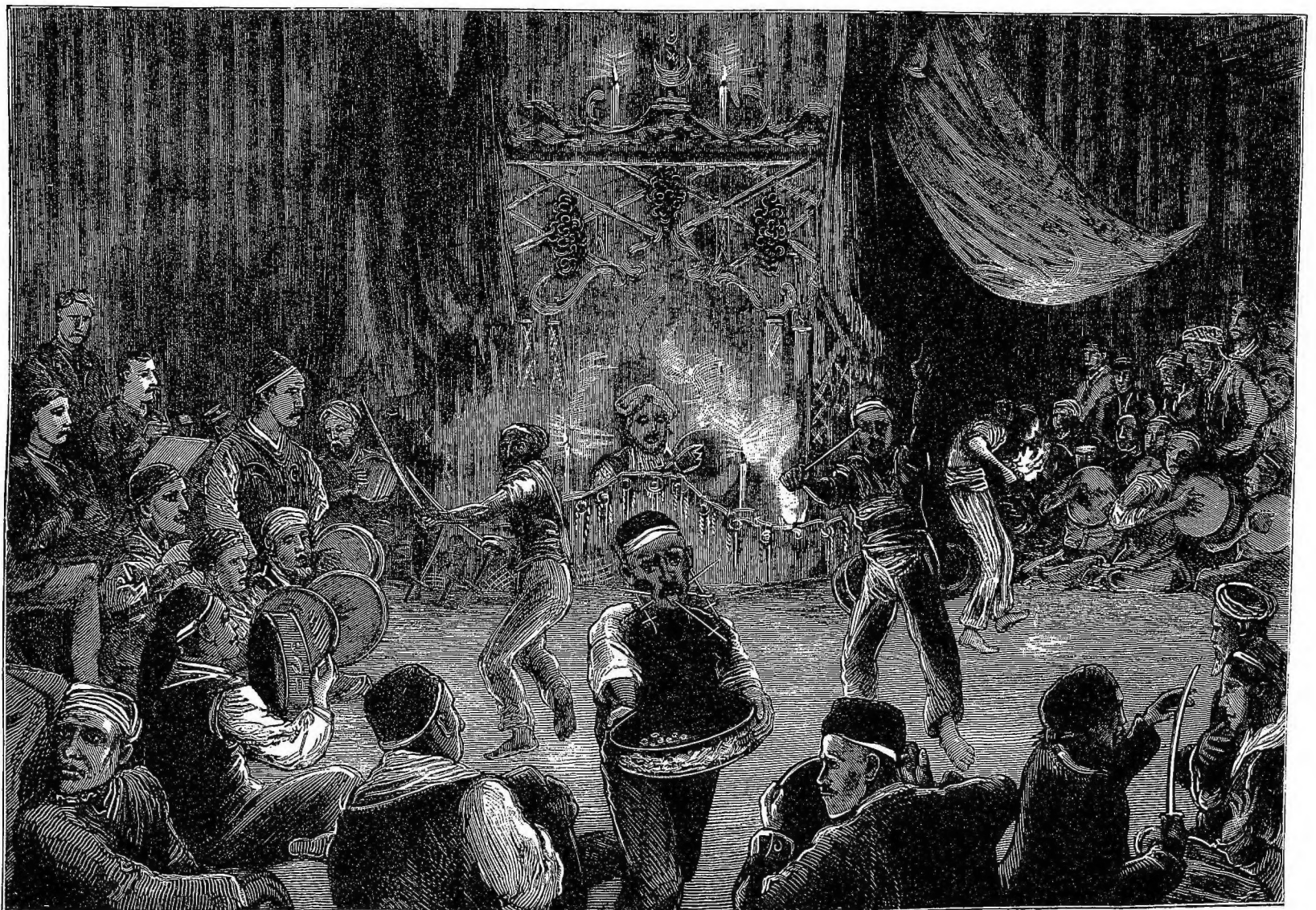


WOMEN BEWAILING THE GARRISON OF SINKAT IN THE STREETS OF SUAKIM

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN
FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER AT SUAKIM



EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. URBAN, TROYES, FRANCE
FROM A PICTURE BY WYKE BAYLISS, NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET



A MALAY KALIFA AT CAPETOWN

gorgeous piece of framework, surmounted by the crescent and crossed scimitars, and decorated by some large flags from Mecca. This shrine is termed a Prabho, and behind it was seated, cross-legged, a Hadji, who was also a Gatiep, or elder of the Church. In front of him was a formidable array of daggers, swords, and long skewers. Along the two remaining sides of the room were seated some twenty or thirty Malays, while the doorways were thronged by others of the Mahomedan faith.

Then began the ritual. Incense was burnt, tambourines were beaten, and a series of inspiring choruses were sung. While the noise was at its height, four Malays sprang up, and each seized a couple of daggers, with which they apparently stabbed themselves in the arms, body, and legs, dancing meanwhile like dervishes. After this a man walked backwards and forwards over a row of naked swords, held up horizontally by twelve Malays, steadying himself on the shoulders of the holders. He afterwards exhibited the soles of his feet, which were neither cut nor lacerated, although the swords were genuine blades. More singing and tambourining followed, after which another devotee stepped in front. A skewer was run through the lobe of each ear, and two more were passed from his mouth through both cheeks. Thus trussed, he bowed to the visitors and—made a collection. Another performer seemed to gouge out one of his eyes with a sword, others placed their arms in the flame of a torch. How it is done, we cannot say. Nobody was hurt, yet we think Kalifas are most pleasant to those who take no part in them.

The ceremony ended with a hospitable handing round of coffee and biscuits. We abridge the foregoing from an article in the *Cape Times*.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Robley, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

THE "WAR-GAME"

See page 227.

THE RUSSIAN ANNEXATION OF MERV

See page 228.

LORD ROSSMORE

MOST Irish loyalists, and the great majority of those Englishmen who can heartily and sincerely drink the old-fashioned toast of "Church and Queen," sympathise with Lord Rossmore rather than with the Government in the recent difficulty. They may admit that his lordship was technically in the wrong, and that therefore the Government were compelled to remove him from the Commission of

the Peace, but nevertheless there is a general feeling that, though he has been deprived of his magisterial privileges, he has not lost a particle of his honour. In our opinion the Government treated the Nationalists much too tenderly. Why should they go out of their way to protect people who invaded the most loyal province of Ireland for the express purpose of stirring up disaffection, and whose violent language has undoubtedly tended to encourage the murders and other outrages of the last few years? However, the Government decided to protect these apostles of sedition, and Lord Rossmore's offence was that, although remonstrated with, he insisted on leading his followers by a road where they would probably come into collision with the Nationalists. As a matter of fact, the Government, who permit the slaughter of thousands of Soudanese, were so careful of the skins of these Nationalists that the only serious casualty befel a poor Orange lad, done to death by the bayonets of the police.

Lord Rossmore, whose family name, Westenra, indicates his descent from a distinguished Dutch family, Van Wassenae, was born in 1853. He served in the 1st Life Guards, and succeeded his brother as fifth Baron in 1874. In 1882 he married Mittie, daughter of R. C. Naylor, Esq.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Robert Seggans, 13, Castle Place, Belfast.

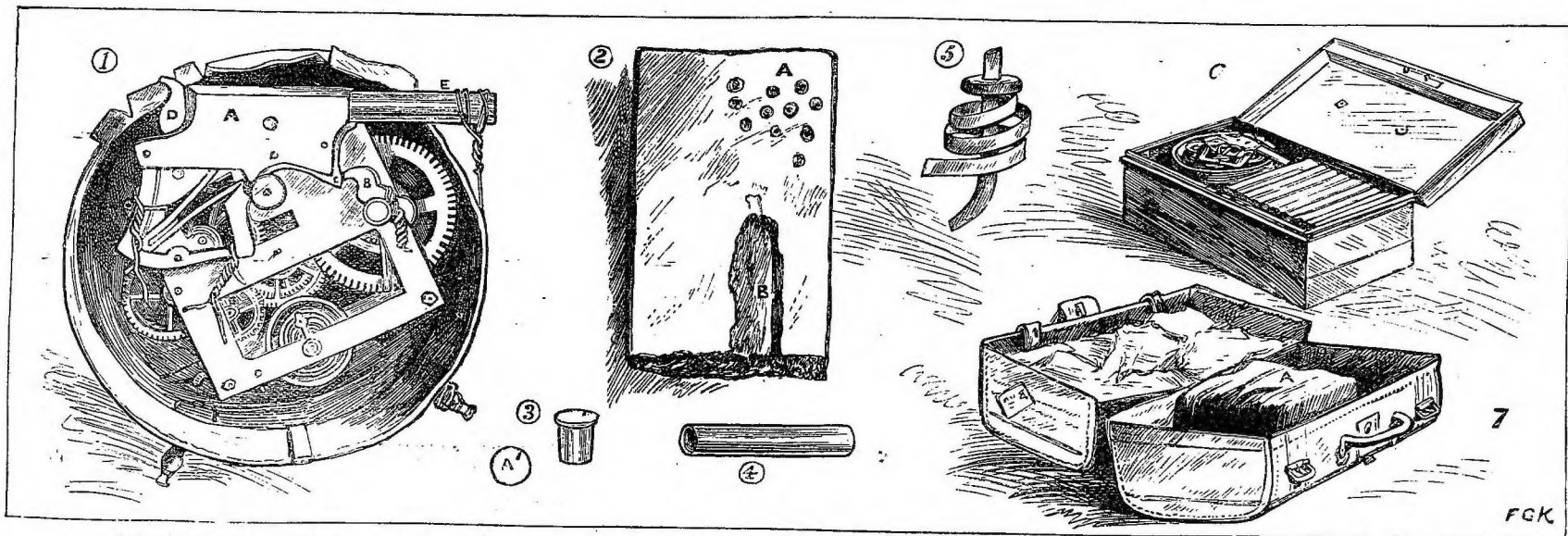
THE NEW SPEAKER

MR. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, youngest son of the late distinguished statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was born in August, 1829. His mother was Julia, youngest daughter of the late General Sir John Floyd. He was educated at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a second-class in Mathematical honours. He has sat in Parliament in the Liberal interest as M.P. for Warwick since 1865. He has held several subordinate Government posts, having been Secretary successively to the Poor Law Board and the Board of Trade, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and Under Secretary for the Home Department. In 1862 he married Adelaide, daughter of the late Mr. William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, Warwickshire. As Mr. Arthur Peel had not hitherto shone as an orator, his speech on the occasion of his election to the Chair caused a sensation of agreeable surprise. "Rarely has the House of Commons in these latter days," says the *Times*, "listened to a speech more appropriate to the occasion, more graceful in diction, more impressive in delivery, more apposite in feeling, or more instinct with the best traditions of Parliamentary eloquence."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

MR. JOHN HULLAH

We gave last week a succinct biography of this distinguished musical instructor, but, as we now publish his portrait, a few words more may be permissible. Mr. Hullah was born at Worcester, June 27th, 1812. He came at an early age to London, where he spent much of his life. After studying for a few years under Horsley, he entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1832, and there devoted himself to music and composition. As a composer of operettas Hullah won but little fame. His *Village Coquettes* is rather remembered because an obscure literary aspirant named Charles Dickens supplied the libretto than because of its intrinsic merits. His real business in life, namely, the instruction of large classes of pupils in vocal music, was yet to come. He had been struck by Mainzer's success in this line, and he went over to Paris to study the method of Wilhelm, Mainzer's successor. His first classes were opened in Exeter Hall, and were designed to teach schoolmasters how to give instruction in vocal music. But the general public, as well as the schoolmasters, soon flocked to sit under Mr. Hullah, and his classes were crowded. Yet at the same time a violent opposition was raised against his system, which was contemptuously styled "Hullabaloo." This opposition was long ago "lived down" by Mr. Hullah, and it was almost universally acknowledged that he had done more than any single individual during this century for the cultivation of musical taste in this country. Part-singing, at the time when he began his labours, had sunk to a very low position compared with that which it held in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it formed an essential element in the ordinary education of young ladies and gentlemen. Until Hullah came to the rescue numbers of persons were unaware that they possessed musical voices at all, or, if they did know the fact, they did not know how to make them heard. The writer of these lines, like thousands of others, owes a debt of personal gratitude to John Hullah, since it was under his zealous instruction that vocal capacities were called forth which otherwise would probably have lain dormant. Through the mists of more than forty years he can still see the trim slight figure, the eager, vivacious face, the hair standing up round the head like a saint's aureole, and the arm beating time with metro-phonic exactitude. The choral societies, which are now so numerous, but which were few and feeble forty years ago, owe much to Hullah's initiative.

Mr. Hullah, whose health had for long been declining, died on Thursday, the 21st ult. The funeral took place at Kensal Green on the following Tuesday, a large and distinguished assemblage of mourners being present.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken about the year 1877.



1. Infernal Machine Found at Paddington Station: (A) The Pistol; (B) Revolving Winder; (C) Trigger; (D) Hammer; (E) Pistol Barrel.—2. Cake of Dynamite (size 6 inches by 3 inches by 1/2 inch); (A) Holes in which the Detonators were placed; (B) Place from which the Paper Covering, Bearing the Words, "Atlas Powder—A," was Torn Away.—3. Combined Cap and Cartridge for Pistol, actual size: (A) End of Cartridge, Showing the Indentation Caused by the Fall of the Hammer.—4. A Detonator (actual size) Containing Fulminate of Mercury.—5. Fused Main Spring, Found at Victoria Station After the Explosion.—6. Cash Box (Found at Paddington Station), Containing Infernal Machine and Dynamite.—7. Leather Valise, Containing the Cash Box (A) Wrapped in Cloth, on Either Side of Which a Large Quantity of Dynamite was Placed.

THE DYNAMITE PLOTS TO DESTROY THE LONDON RAILWAY STATIONS—THE INFERNAL MACHINES

THE NEW NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

HIS HIGHNESS MEER MAHOOB ALI KHAN BAHADUR, the young Nizam of Hyderabad, who was installed with great ceremony into the personal administration of his State by Lord Ripon on February 3rd, is seventeen years of age, having been born in 1867. He has been well educated under his tutors, Captain Clerk and Mr. Khron. He is said to be exceedingly sharp and intelligent, and to give promise of becoming a good ruler. In many respects he presents a marked contrast to his father and predecessor. The late Nizam thoroughly hated the English, never entered the Residency but once, was never cordial to a European, and regarded, so says the *Times of India*, the presentation of the G.C.S.I. as a positive indignity. He never went out except in State, and never left his dominions. But British influence during a fifteen years' minority has made a very different man of his son, who is devoted to travel, the dream of his life being to visit England, while he has scoured his dominions from end to end. He talks English fluently, writes it fairly, is a capital rider and tent-pegger, a good shot, and fond of cricket. He is a quiet manly lad, who enjoys the balls at the Residency, and likes to entertain his English friends and State officials. He has recently been suffering from an attack of cholera, but is now better.—The portrait of the Nizam is from a photograph by R. Molkennteller and Co., India.

The State of Hyderabad extends to above 80,000 square miles, and contains an estimated population of 10,000,000. The capital, Hyderabad, is situated on the southern bank of the River Mousee, and is surrounded by a large wall. Amongst other architectural features there are a few good mosques, which are fair specimens of the Asiatic style, especially one shown in our illustration, the Mecca Masjid. This is certainly the finest specimen in the city, and stands near one of the Nizam's palaces, being used by the Prince and his nobles daily. There also the remains of former Nizams are buried. The "Char Minar" is a pretty piece of building in the city, situated at the junction of four roads. The "Afzul Gung" Mosque is situated on the road leading to the city by the Delhi Gate, Mahomed Shah's Tomb is situated at Golconda, six miles to the west of the city.—Our engravings are from photographs kindly forwarded by the Rev. W. F. Archibald, Scottish Chaplain at Secunderabad.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 233.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA
See page 238.

A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT

THE scene of Mr. Rainey's picture is laid in the parlour or tap-room of a village tavern. The petition lies on the table, and is being

very carefully perused by a customer before he makes up his mind to attach his signature. Meanwhile a gentleman in a smock frock has been brought in by three waggish friends. He is evidently a bit of a "softy," and his mischievous associates are "greening him up" (as schoolboys say) about the wonderful advantages which will accrue to the community at large, and to this village of Hoppenden in particular, provided that he, Simple Simon, attaches his precious sign-manual to the document in question. Meanwhile the landlord is expatiating to another customer—apparently a somewhat sceptical party—on the good effects which will be produced if the prayer of the petition is granted. It may be presumed, therefore, as Boniface backs the petition, that its tenor is not such as the Blue Ribbon Army would approve of, and that it is intended, directly or indirectly, to facilitate the consumption of beer. If these primitive souls, who are filled with a sense of the importance of their proceedings, could see the languid indifference with which their petition will be received at Westminster Palace, their enthusiasm would be somewhat abated.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

THE infernal machines recently discovered at Charing Cross, Paddington, and Ludgate Hill Railway Stations prove to be but cheap American alarm clocks, four inches in diameter, thus converted into dangerous tools for the wholesale destruction of life and property. The plate at the back of the clock having been removed, a small pistol, of a kind not purchasable in this country, is securely fixed by means of copper wire in such a manner as to allow the trigger to be pressed by the revolving winder when the alarm runs down. This causes the pistol, first charged with a cartridge containing fulminate of mercury, to fire into some detonators similarly charged, which are inserted in a cake of dynamite placed near the barrel. As though to increase the chances of success, these detonators, from seven to ten in number, are connected by a quick-burning fuse. The machine, together with several cakes of dynamite, is then enclosed in a metal box, which is next wrapped in cloth or linen, in order to deaden the ticking noise of the clock, and placed in the middle of one of the compartments of a valise, having on either side several more cakes of dynamite, weighing some twenty pounds. As is now known, these apparently harmless valises were left in the cloak-rooms of the various stations; but fortunately, except in one instance, the instruments failed to act, owing to the faulty construction of the clocks, and to the inefficient way in which the necessary alterations in them were effected. At Charing Cross and Ludgate Hill the pistol caps were not struck fairly by the hammer, and missed fire; at Paddington, the alarm winder was checked in its action by a small pin which projected from the brass plate below. Various circumstances prove that these dastardly outrages all originated from one source. After the

explosion at Victoria Station, a portion of a fused main-spring was picked up, which, upon comparison, leaves no doubt that it formed part of a clock identical in character with those afterwards discovered. Again, portions of the paper in which the cakes of dynamite were enveloped, and bearing the brand, "Atlas Powder, A," were, in the Paddington case, torn away, but were subsequently found in the bag at Ludgate Hill.

The Government has offered 2,000*l.* reward for the perpetrators of these villainies, and the police seem to have got a "clue," but, judging from past experience, it is difficult to have much hope that the guilty parties will be captured.



THE five days devoted to the discussion of policy in Egypt raised on the Vote of Censure have not satisfied the insatiable appetite of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. What is even more important is that, the tail wagging the head, right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench have developed the same passion, and are beginning to take the lead out of Lord Randolph's hands in this matter. A curious and interesting illustration of the position of affairs happened on Monday night. The House had met with full knowledge of the great victory at Teb, where British prowess in the field was vindicated even more triumphantly than at Tel-el-Kebir. Following the ordinary usage, it might have been thought that a Government credited with such a success would begin to have an easy time of it. On the contrary, on scarcely any night since Parliament met have they been more browbeaten.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett began with the usual request for information, to which Lord Hartington replied by reading the correspondence that had passed between the War Office and General Graham immediately before the battle. Then Sir Stafford Northcote appeared on the scene, wanting to know what was the policy of the Government; to which Lord Hartington replied that the immediate object of the Government was to secure the safety of the remnant of the garrison rescued at Tokar, and to provide for the safety of Suakim. There the matter seemed inclined to rest for the evening, when diversion appeared from an unexpected quarter. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was discovered below the gangway signalling to the Speaker. At the same moment the irrepressible Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was, on the other side, semaphoring in the same direction. It was noticed at the time with some surprise that Lord Randolph peremptorily pulled down the Member for Eye, and in the



THE WAR GAME AS PLAYED BY VOLUNTEER OFFICERS AT THE HORSE-GUARDS



THE news from EGYPT this week is uniformly good. General Graham has inflicted a crushing defeat on the rebels at Teb, and has relieved Tokar, while General Gordon has received news from the Mahdi that, delighted with being recognised as Sultan of Kordofan, that Regenerator of Islamism is willing to come to terms with the Giauor. General Graham fought his battle yesterday (Friday) week. On the previous day the whole force crossed the morass which separates Trinkitat from Fort Baker, and bivouacked for the night. A final letter, offering terms of peace, was sent to the rebels by General Graham, but as no answer was received the troops were ordered to march forward on Friday morning. They accordingly advanced in a hollow square, the Gordon Highlanders forming the front face, the Irish Fusiliers and the Rifles the right side, the 65th and Marines the left side, and the Black Watch and the Cavalry bringing up the rear. At each corner was a detachment of the Naval Brigade with the Gatling and Gardner guns, inside the square were the Staff, the transport animals, hospital corps, &c., while two regiments of cavalry and a body of scouts preceded the square, spread out in horseshoe form. After two hours' march the troops neared the positions of the enemy, who shortly afterwards opened fire, their aim, however, being too high to inflict serious mischief. Their shell practice, however, was better, and the missiles burst in the square, one wounding General Baker in the eye. The rebels had taken up their position on a small hill, which they had fortified, and our troops passing to the right of them succeeded in getting to their rear, our artillery driving the rebels from the first fort. The rebels then charged the square with almost incredible courage, but were met with a most deadly fire, which literally mowed them down in hundreds. Nothing, however, seemed to stop them but death, and sometimes they would actually reach the ranks, and throw their spears before being shot down. Finally the onset slackened, the rebels were seen to retire behind the hill, and the square steadily advanced, the Black Watch now being in front, upon the entrenchments, but were met on the hill by a second rush. A hand-to-hand fight ensued for three quarters of an hour, the rebels fighting with the most indomitable courage, but discipline in the end prevailed over savage bravery, and the fort was carried.

The attack was then directed upon the enemy's second position, upon which the fire of two Krupp guns which were found in the fort was at once turned. The enemy had now entrenched themselves in an abandoned sugar mill close to the walls of Teb. The square again advanced, being assailed at every step by parties of rebels hidden in pits. An assault was ordered upon the mill, which was carried by the Naval Brigade and the Highlanders, and at the same time came the turn of the cavalry, and Colonel Barrow and his men charged the main body of the enemy, who never faltered, but met the onset with unflinching courage, and inflicted the most serious losses of the day upon our Hussars. The troops then moved forward to the village of Teb, where the enemy made a last stand, finally, however, acknowledging themselves hopelessly beaten, and taking to flight, having fought their ground inch by inch for three and a-half hours. The number of the enemy was estimated at 10,000, while our force consisted of 3,000 infantry, 750 cavalry, and 115 Blue-jackets, with six machine guns, and eight Royal Artillery 7-pounders. Our loss was 30 killed and 142 wounded. The killed included four officers—Major Slade, 10th Hussars; Lieut. Freeman, 19th Hussars; Lieut. Probyn, 9th Bengal Cavalry; Quartermaster Wilkins, of the Rifles; and Lieut. Royds, R.N. Amongst the wounded were General Baker, Lieut.-Colonel Burnaby, and Lieut.-Colonel Barrow, 19th Hussars.

The troops bivouacked on the field for the rest of the day, and next morning, after leaving a garrison of Highlanders in the village, with orders to find and bury the bodies of the Europeans killed in Baker Pasha's disastrous action, General Graham moved forward upon Tokar. After about two hours' march that town was reached, but the rebels had retired on the news of our advance, and the troops were joyfully welcomed by the inhabitants, who, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent states, "came screaming out to meet the troops, exhibiting intense joy, shouting, dancing, and embracing each other with Oriental fervour. They kissed the soldiers' hands and garments, and vowed that we had saved their lives." On Sunday a cavalry reconnaissance was ordered to the neighbouring villages, Dubha and Cafet, where large quantities of arms and other plunder from Baker Pasha's force were found. The enemy appeared to have had no lack of provision and forage. Tokar having been relieved, preparations were at once made for sending the troops back to Suakim, but before leaving, General Graham read a despatch to the troops thanking and congratulating them on the bravery which they had displayed. The Highlanders left at Teb buried upwards of 2,300 rebels, and on the old battle-field found and interred the bodies of Mr. Leslie, Morice Bey, Captain Forestier Walker, and other officers. The body of Commander Moncrieff was also found by a search party from Suakim. Garrisons were left at both Teb and Tokar until Wednesday, when the Egyptian garrison of Tokar, numbering three hundred, and four hundred women and children inhabitants, were transferred to Trinkitat, to be shipped thence to Suakim. General Graham returned to Suakim on Wednesday, and his whole force was to follow on Thursday. Meanwhile, General Graham and Admiral Hewett have issued a proclamation to the tribes, summoning the Sheikhs to Suakim, and declaring that the "Great God who rules the earth does not choose a scoundrel like Osman Digma as His messenger." The Rebel Chieftain himself seems as determined to fight as before the defeat at Teb, but whether his sympathisers share his confidence is doubtful. The rebel prisoners state that it is unlikely that Osman Digma's followers will again face the "White Devils."

At Cairo the news of General Graham's victory has been received with a deep feeling of relief, and this has been increased by General Gordon's success at Khartoum. Some uneasiness had been caused last week by another proclamation from General Gordon, in which he threatens to bring the British troops to Khartoum, and by the reported failure of Colonel Stewart's mission up the White Nile. Later on, however, came the news that the Mahdi had received General Gordon's letter naming him Sultan of Kordofan with "ecstasies of delight, that he had given Gordon's messenger a robe of honour, and that he had sent off an answer." He had also ordered the principal Sheikhs, both on the Blue and White Niles, to desist from fighting. Moreover, Colonel Stewart's second mission appears to have been successful, and several Sheikhs came on board and acknowledged their submission. General Graham's victory is known at Khartoum. The true story of Hicks Pasha's defeat appears to have been what was feared. He had a difference of opinion with the Egyptian commander, Aladeen Pasha, as to the road to be taken, and the army was divided into two portions, each of which took separate roads. The two forces met subsequently in the dark, each thinking the other to be the enemy, a desperate battle was fought before the mistake was discovered. The whole force was then so utterly disorganised that it fell an easy prey to the Mahdi next day.

Politically speaking there is nothing of general interest to chronicle in FRANCE, which is singularly quiescent just now. The dynamite plots in London have excited general expressions of indignation, and the authorities are giving all possible assistance to the London police in attempting to detect any of the criminals who have made their escape to the Irish Nationalist party whose headquarters are known to be in Paris. The utmost vigilance is also shown at Havre on the arrival and departure of the Transatlantic steamers. From Tonkin there is news of skirmishing near Bacninh, and of an attack on some pagodas occupied by the French troops which was repulsed on the 25th ult. The garrison of Bacninh is commanded by a Chinese general, and the town is defended by two *enceintes*, twenty-four detached forts, and a number of batteries. The Queen of Tahiti is now visiting Paris, and has paid a visit to the President.

The Reichstag in GERMANY was to open on Thursday. A debate was expected on the Lasker incident, the Liberals proposing to bring forward a resolution thanking the United States House of Representatives for their recent message of condolence. The *North German Gazette* declares that such a step would constitute a "shameless act," and from a legal point of view any attempt to carry such a resolution "would constitute a violation of existing constitutional law." Another topic has been General Graham's victory, which has drawn forth from the *Kreuz Zeitung* an appeal to Europe to band together, and "shake off the chain which insular supremacy has for two centuries been endeavouring to bind round the body of old Europe," referring to England's acquisition of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, Aden, India, and our possessions in China. The dynamite discoveries have excited general alarm, and the *Cologne Gazette* rejoices that England, who was so very proud of being an asylum for political criminals of all countries, is now forced to summon a foreign Government to take measures against her Nihilists. Emperor William is expected to meet the Czar on his return from Wiesbaden. On Wednesday the Prussian Diet passed the vote of 200,000*l.* which the Government requested for the purchase of an "Art collection of the first rank" for the Museum. What collection this is, however, is still maintained a profound secret.

The difficulties with PORTUGAL respecting her territory on the Congo have been settled by a Treaty, which was signed on Feb. 26. England thereby recognises the sovereignty of Portugal over both banks of the Congo, situated between 8° and 5° 12' south, fixing the limit on the Congo at Nokki, nearly opposite Vivi, and decides that the inland frontier to be subsequently defined "shall coincide with the boundaries of the present possessions of the coast and inland tribes." The territory is to be open to all nations, and the entire freedom of the Congo and Zambesi, in respect to commerce, is recognised for the subjects and flags of all nations. No transit dues are to be levied, and trade and navigation is to be free from all Customs' duties, tolls, charges, and fees not expressly provided by the Treaty. To turn to Portugal itself, There is a deficit in the Budget, and the Finance Ministry has asked the Cortes to sanction a foreign loan.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from the UNITED STATES that, while disclaiming all sympathy with the dynamitards, it is thought that unless some offence can be shown to have been committed against the Neutrality Laws no steps can be taken. The *Tribune*, however, declares that "Our people can have but one feeling in regard to these plots—they consider them crimes against civilisation, and they look upon those who plan and execute them as enemies of the human race."—In ITALY the Pope has held receptions to commemorate his seventy-fourth birthday and the sixth anniversary of his elevation to the Pontificate.—In SERBIA the second anniversary of the elevation of the State into a Kingdom has been celebrated with great enthusiasm. The coronation will probably take place in the autumn, in the Monastery of Ushitza.—In INDIA railway extension is now being seriously discussed, and it is felt that the Russian annexation of Merv will necessitate a speedy continuation of the railway to Quetta.

THE COURT

ON Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, where Canon Fleming preached. Subsequently Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein lunched with the Queen, and in the evening Lord Rowton arrived, and dined with Her Majesty. On Monday Colonel Sir H. and Lady Elphinstone, Lord Rowton, and the Dean of Windsor joined the Royal party at dinner. The Queen held a Council on Tuesday, attended by Lords Carlisle and Kenmare, and Messrs. Gladstone and Dodson, when Her Majesty pricked the list of Sheriffs for England and Wales. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived on a short visit. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice come to town next week for the first Drawing-room of the season, on Friday. They leave for the Continent on April 7, and, instead of crossing to Cherbourg, as at first arranged, will travel by Queenborough and Flushing direct to Darmstadt.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday night. Next morning, they with their daughters, attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Princess presented medals to two Coxswains of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in reward for their gallantry in saving life, one having assisted to rescue ninety-one, and the other forty-nine persons. The Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess during the day, and the Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords, dining in the evening with Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant and the officers of the Queen's Guard at their mess in St. James's Palace. Next day the Prince again went to the House of Lords, and afterwards accompanied the Princess to visit the Queen at Windsor. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess returned to London; in the afternoon the Prince presided at a meeting of the Governors of Wellington College, and in the evening the Prince and Princess gave a dinner-party. On Monday the Prince and Princess give a dance at Marlborough House to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding.

After visiting Terra Nova, Sardinia, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Channel Squadron, spent a day at Palermo at the end of last week, and has now gone to Suda Bay, Crete. The Duchess went to Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday night to see Signor Salvini.—The Duke of Connaught has laid the foundation-stone of the Connaught Hall, Meerut.

CHURCH NEWS

IN ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT of the Dean of Canterbury's Memorial on the report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, the Archbishop of York speaks of it as an important document, but considers immediate legislation impossible. The Archbishop of Canterbury's acknowledgment, made through his secretary, was purely formal.

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY of the Bishop of London, the London Diocesan Conference held this week its second annual session. The Duke of Westminster and Mr. Beresford Hope were among the laymen who took part in its proceedings. Reports were received—followed by discussions—from committees on such subjects as the welfare of the young men and women employed in business in London, the evangelisation of the masses, Church Defence, and the housing of the poor. It was agreed that there should be formed a

London Diocesan Society of Volunteer Helpers to co-operate with agencies willing to accept their assistance in the management of the dwellings of the very poor.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN approves of General Gordon's intention not to interfere with slavery, however opposed he may be to slave-hunting and slave-trading, in the Soudan, showing that this policy of General Gordon harmonises with the course pursued by St. Paul in sending Onesimus back to Philemon, and with the language of the Apostle generally in admonishing slaves to obey their masters. As it has been in Europe, so, Dr. Wordsworth thinks, it will be in Africa; emancipation will follow, not precede, the diffusion and acceptance of Christianity. Therefore he implores Gordon to encourage missionary effort in Africa.

A CONTEMPORARY HAS GLEANED from the biographies and correspondence of General Gordon a number of passages elucidative of his religious opinions. A fervent Christian, and as regards this life a Predestinarian, believing everything to have been pre-ordained, he does not believe in everlasting punishment. He has a strong sympathy with Mahomedanism, and in a letter to a correspondent he wrote, "I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe he is in any peril."

IF THE PARISH CHURCHES BILL, 1884, be passed, it is estimated that at least half the seats of the Establishment will be freed.

THE ESSEX STREET CHAPEL, for more than a century the headquarters of the English Unitarians, is to be sold by its trustees this month, and another is to be erected in its stead on the Mall at Kensington. Its first minister was the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, one of the founders of Unitarianism in England, and the first service held in it was attended by Benjamin Franklin.

A MOVEMENT, PROMOTED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, is proceeding for the acquisition of the burial-ground of St. John's, Westminster, two acres in extent, with a view to its conversion into an open public garden.

A LOAN EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERIES at South Kensington is being arranged by the Committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework.



MADAME SCHUMANN.—The widow of Robert Schumann has long been a favourite in this country, and the warmth of her reception at the Popular Concerts on Monday amply proved that her popularity had by no means diminished. Madame Schumann's first visit to London dates back to 1856, when she returned from this country to Bonn, barely in time to receive her dying husband's last embraces. She did not come to London again till 1865, since which time, with the exception of five years, her visit has been an annual one. To speak at length of Madame Schumann's rendering of "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," which has been described as Beethoven's first and only "programme" sonata in the fullest sense of that term, would be supererogatory. By a lady of sixty-five, and who has been very nearly fifty-six years before the public, it was little short of astonishing. The audience gave Madame Schumann round upon round of applause, and several bouquets: the last a novelty at these concerts. Being recalled a second time Madame Schumann sat down again at the piano, and played her husband's "Novellette in F." On Saturday she will play Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 101, dedicated to the Baroness Erdman. The programme on Monday likewise included that charming work Dvorak's string quartet in E flat, Op. 21, "led" by Herr Joachim, who also played short violin solos by Leclair, Bach, and himself.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Following up our intelligence given last week about the cost of opera in New York, comes the news from Mr. Abbey, that he declines to direct another season at the Metropolitan Opera House. He had a free theatre, 28,000*l.* worth of scenery, and the right to draw 200*l.* per night, or in all 12,000*l.* in hard cash, for his season of sixty nights. The result is due entirely to the extravagant sums paid to artists, some of whom have received twice and others ten times as much as they did a few years ago. There are several candidates for the lease of the new house, but it is unlikely that Italian opera will ever again be performed in America in the lordly style adopted during the recent season. Of course, the intention attributed to Mr. Abbey, to attempt Italian opera in this country, is not likely to be further mentioned.

MISS ROBERTSON.—This popular vocalist will next month be married to Mr. Stanley Stubbs, of Wickhambreux, and she will then retire from the concert platform. Her farewell concert will take place at St. James's Hall, on March 18.

PIANISTS.—Signor Eugenio Pirani, a clever pianist, who has several times visited this country, has returned to London.—Miss Mary Krebs played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto at last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert, and on the same day Mdlle. Janotha played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" at the Popular Concerts. Madame Essipoff is expected in a week or two, and there are again reports, which must be accepted for what they are worth, that Dr. Hans von Bülow may visit us this summer. On the other hand, M. de Pachmann is about to leave, and last week he gave his farewell recital. Again did the Russian pianist prove his surpassing excellence in the music of Chopin, and particularly in the sonata in B flat minor; while his renderings of the music of Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms by no means satisfied the more critical among the audience.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—May 7th will be the first anniversary of the opening of this school, which was projected by the Prince of Wales at the meeting called at St. James's Palace, February 28th, 1882. There are now 154 students, including fifty free scholars, some of whom also receive gratuitous board and lodging. Three new local scholarships will also be competed for next week. About 100,000*l.* has been collected, but as the College authorities believe an income of 10,000*l.* a year is necessary, it has been proposed that next year a grant from Parliament shall be applied for, to supplement the public beneficence.

CARL ROSA COMPANY.—Mr. Carl Rosa has returned from Paris, and the stage rehearsals for the Easter opera season at Drury Lane will shortly begin. On Easter Monday Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be performed before a holiday audience, and on Easter Tuesday the season proper will commence, with Madame Roze in *Carmen*, for which Mr. Augustus Harris has devised novel stage effects. *Colomba* and *Esmeralda* will follow, and during the second week Dr. Villiers Stanford's *Pilgrims*, the only novelty of the season, will be produced. In accordance with Mr. Harris's arrangement with Mr. Gye (which, be it said, the Drury Lane manager will not renew) the series of Carl Rosa performances must this year be strictly limited to four weeks.

NATIONAL FESTIVALS.—On St. David's Day a Welsh festival was held at the Albert Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves was announced, but was unable to appear. Mr. Reeves is announced for the Irish Festival at St. James's Hall on March 15, and there will be an Irish concert at the Albert Hall on St. Patrick's Day.

WAIFS.—Cards of invitation have been issued to the leaders of the musical world to meet Anton Dvorák at Mr. Littleton's on the 11th, and at his host, Mr. Oscar Beringer's, on the 15th inst.—The eminent singing teacher, Señor Manuel Garcia, who has been seriously ill, is now almost convalescent.—Mlle. Nevada (Miss Wixom), who sang with the Mapleson troupe at Her Majesty's a few years ago, was formally received this week into the Roman Catholic Church, M. Gounod being one of her sponsors.—An afternoon Ballad Concert was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday.—Mr. Charles Hallé and Sir F. Gore Ouseley are to be offered honorary degrees at Edinburgh University next month.—Señor Sarasate will give three orchestral concerts in April and May.—Mr. Joseph Bennett's annual, *The Musical Year*, is definitely announced to appear this month.—Mr. F. H. Cowen will on Wednesday give a "Song Recital" at Steinway Hall. The programme will be composed exclusively of twenty-two songs by Mr. Cowen, including twelve not before heard in public.—Brahms's new symphony, announced for this week's Philharmonic Concert, is not yet published, and it has been reserved for a future occasion.—The Mapleson Opera Company expect to return to New York on April 7, and after a short season they will sail for England.—A new comic opera, from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Philp, the well-known song composer, will, it is said, shortly be produced at a Gaiety *matinée*. It is entitled *The Military Marriage*.—Mlle. Nordica (Miss Lillian Norton) has resigned her engagement with Mr. Mapleson, and has returned to Europe.—One of the signs of the times is the publication of a French adaptation, by M. Victor Wilder, of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, and the successful production of the first act of that opera by M. Pasdeloup in Paris last Sunday.

THE WAR GAME AT THE HORSE GUARDS

ON another page will be found some sketches of the incidents of the War Game, as now played by Volunteer officers at the Horse Guards. It is only within the last few months that facilities have been given by General Higginson for the Auxiliary Officers of the Home District to play the War Game. But we believe that some private societies had been previously formed in the Northern District for practising this useful tactical exercise. In London General Higginson's invitation has been eagerly accepted. There are now plenty of Volunteer officers who have either passed their examination in Tactics, or are ready to pass it, and consequently the rooms at the Horse Guards on War Game nights are always well crowded with Volunteer officers, who can follow the vicissitudes of the game intelligently. Our sketch of the scene shows that they are not debarred from the use of tobacco to assist them in their observations and criticisms. Colonel Methuen, the Adjutant-General of the Home District, is the guiding spirit of the whole affair, and he is assisted by Colonels Lonsdale Hale, R.E., Webber, R.E., and Herbert, Captain North Dalrymple, and other officers.

The War Game now in use was invented by a Prussian civilian, Baron von Reisewitz. It was perfected by his son, an officer of Artillery, and has been practised in the Prussian Army for some sixty years. Fifty-five years ago the attention of English officers was called to its importance by a notice in *Colburn's United Service Magazine* for January, 1831. But in those days nobody thought of tactical exercises as an occupation for ordinary regimental officers, and nothing more was heard of the Kriegspiel till the Franco-German War aroused interest in all the methods by which the Germans had attained such marvellous results. One of these methods was the War Game. At the end of 1871 Major von Roerdanz, the German Military Attaché at our Court, delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution, describing the game. Since then it has been played more or less regularly at Aldershot and other military stations.

The Kriegspiel may be described as an attempt to imitate on a map, by means of figures representing troops, guns, &c., the proceedings of two bodies manoeuvring against each other. A map on a large scale (at least six inches to the mile) is provided. The component parts of the armies are represented by various leaden figures or "pieces," of which we give some specimens in our illustration. Those of one side are coloured red, and those of the other blue. These pieces are of a size proportionate to the scale of the map, so that the space occupied by the pieces on the roads, &c., of the map is approximately proportionate to that which would be occupied by real troops on the real ground. It is obviously easy to represent on the map with such pieces any given positions of a body of troops. But it is not so easy to move the pieces as real troops would be moved, or to represent the casualties which must occur on actual service. It is in dealing with these difficulties that the ingenuity of the inventor or inventors of the War Game is shown.

The object of the game is to exercise officers in manoeuvring troops under given conditions against an opposing body. Some days before the game is to be played the map of the part of the country intended to be the theatre of hostilities is open to the inspection of the officers selected to play the game, numbering two on each side, (one commander and one second in command), and a "General Idea" is promulgated on both sides by the Umpire-in-Chief. On a recent occasion the general idea was the following:—

"The advanced guard of two forces advancing in opposite directions from London and Southampton have arrived at Egham and Farnham respectively, on the night of the 9th January.

"The advance is resumed on the 10th January, and the advanced guards came into contact on that day. Each troop sent forward from the advanced guard may send out two scouting parties, each of which will be supposed to cover, for purposes of observation, all ground within 800 paces of their centre.

"The exact line to be followed by each party is to be laid down in orders. They may move at the rate of 300 paces a minute."

A "Special Idea" is communicated to each of the contending chiefs known as "red" and "blue" respectively. Of course, neither red nor blue knows the "special idea" of his adversary. We subjoin the "special ideas" which followed the General Idea given above:—

"RED."

"Your force consists of—

Two Squadrons of Cavalry,
Four Battalions of Infantry,
One Battery of Artillery, 13-pounders,
Half a Company of Royal Engineers,
One Section of Ambulance.

"You will move off from the south-west exit of Egham, at 6 A.M. precisely, 10th January; and, moving along the main road through Frimley, towards Farnham, you will endeavour to secure the passage of the Blackwater at Frimley for a further advance on the 11th January."

"BLUE."

"The force under your command consists of—

One Regiment of Cavalry,
Three Battalions of Infantry,
One Battery of Artillery, 13-pounders,
One Company of Royal Engineers,
One Ambulance Section.

"You will move off at 6 A.M. precisely, 10th January, from the north-east exit of Farnham; and, moving on Egham through Frimley, you will endeavour to take up for the night a position on the heights south-west of and overlooking Bagshot village.

"You must, however, proceed with caution; and, if you find your

advance strongly opposed, you will take up a position on the left bank of Blackwater River at Frimley, so as to prevent any of the enemy crossing the Blackwater at Frimley on the 10th January. In no case must this position be lost."

On the receipt of the "ideas," the officers selected to command on each side are not unlikely to invite their respective subordinates to dinner, as suggested in our illustration, as an agreeable preliminary to the discussion of the "orders" which they will have to issue to their troops, and which must be submitted for approval to the Umpire-in-Chief. We will suppose that these orders are approved, and that at last the game has to be played. We may here remark that this war game, which differs from ordinary games in many respects, differs especially in this, that the actual moving of the pieces is effected by the umpires, and not by the players; and that the latter are not even required to know the rules on which the umpires have to give their decisions.

The blocks have been, we will suppose, placed on each side, in accordance with the "Special Ideas." But, at the beginning of the game, it would probably be impossible for either commander to see the dispositions of his opponent. Consequently, a screen is let down about the middle of the map, so that "Red" cannot see "Blue," nor can "Blue" see "Red." And, independently of this precaution, the map is "contoured," that is, the inclinations of the ground are indicated, so that the umpires are always in a position to say whether on the real ground one body of combatants would or would not be able to see its opponents. The troops being thus in position, the game begins. Each "move" is supposed to occupy two minutes, and the sides "move" simultaneously. Practically five moves are taken at a time, and the dial is moved on ten minutes by the Umpire-in-Chief, as Colonel Methuen is represented as moving it in our illustration. But it must not be supposed that a "move" takes in the War Game two minutes. The two minutes represent the time which the troops employed would require to cover a certain space of ground, or to fire away a given amount of ammunition, and so on. The commander of a side has to be ready to issue his orders the moment the Umpire-in-Chief calls upon him to do so. If it is necessary to send directions to the second in command, or to a distant corps, such directions must be sent in writing. The time necessary for the order to reach its destination is calculated, and the movement ordered must not be executed until that time has expired. Under certain circumstances, indeed, we believe that the chance of the orderly being killed is taken into account. Ultimately, in all probability the opposing bodies come into actual collision, and then the Umpire-in-Chief decides the result of the contest. But one of the specialties of the game which we have not mentioned is the introduction of the element of chance. In ordinary cases (for instance, a collision between the infantry of "Red" and the cavalry of "Blue") the Umpire-in-Chief decides according to his own judgment which side has the best of it, and orders the one or the other out of action permanently or for a given time. But cases often occur in actual conflict into which a large element of chance must enter. For such contingencies a very ingenious and elaborate system, involving the throwing of dice, has been constructed. It is impossible to describe it here, and it may suffice to say that the casting of the dice acts fairly enough as the fortune of war. When the results of a move are tolerably obvious, the Umpire can give his own verdict, without having recourse to the chances of the dice.

We may mention that a modification of the War Game has been devised, in which models instead of maps are used. Such a model already exists at Aldershot, and another is in preparation for the Home District, and will probably be soon ready for use. It will make the War Game, especially for the junior officers, much clearer and more interesting than it can be when played from maps.



SIGNOR SALVINI's performances at Covent Garden continue to attract considerable audiences; but it must be confessed that their enthusiasm for the great Italian actor is subjected to severe trial. The extraordinary chilliness of the house, due, as we understand, to some new arrangements insisted upon by the Lord Chamberlain in the interests of public safety and convenience, is in itself no small infliction. Great coats and comforters in the stalls are a somewhat unusual sight; yet even with these aids the spectators have found themselves almost in the condition of fellow-sufferers of the aged King in his midnight peregrinations. To this annoyance must be added the more serious grievance of late hours. The representation of *King Lear* on Saturday evening was not ended till after midnight, and it has been pointed out that this fact was due in no slight degree to the diffuseness of the wretched version of the play which Signor Salvini has adopted. Unhappily the company in general is so weak, and the representatives of youthful heroines so manifestly past the youthful period of life, that it would be difficult, even under happier circumstances, to take interest in their delivery of the anonymous translator's wordy dialogue. Little is left but Salvini's performance, which, although inferior, as we think, to his fellow-countryman, Rossi's, is interesting as an independent study, as well as for many fine and subtle pieces of acting. Nowadays it seems to be understood that no Shakespearian actor can be really great unless he has a new conception of his part. Salvini's conception of Lear is that he is not the feeble dotard which he has been represented, but a very hale old gentleman, whose great wrongs and sufferings do not even drive him mad, though they entail a temporary "unhinging"—and it must be confessed that the unhinging appears very complete while it lasts—of his mental faculties. This view is not wholly new, for Macready's impersonation tended in the same direction. Combining with this notion a stronger presentment of the affectionate side of the King's character, Salvini is able to produce powerful contrasts, thus relieving the tendency to monotony which spectators are apt to feel, and so giving to the pathetic passages increased effect. The performance, in spite of all shortcomings, received a hearty welcome and loud demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of an audience somewhat thinned by the lateness of the hour following upon the fall of the curtain.

The new drama by the authors of *The Silver King*, entitled *Breaking a Butterfly*, brought out at the new PRINCE'S Theatre on Monday night, follows more closely the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen's, play of *The Doll's House* than might be inferred from some preliminary announcements. Messrs. Jones and Herman would, perhaps, have been better advised to diverge more boldly from the original—a somewhat eccentric production written with a didactic purpose to which it is almost impossible to give relief in a dramatic work. It is true that the heroine's peculiar notions regarding the relations between man and wife disappear in the English play, which, instead of ending with an irrevocable parting, shows the young couple reunited and happy. But, as it stands, the spectators see nothing but an incredibly silly wife, who cannot be made to perceive that, even with the kindest intentions towards her husband, it is not allowable to commit forgery. Miss Lingard, who is an actress capable of giving effect to strong passion, is too manifestly working against the grain in her efforts to portray the gay, careless innocence of the heroine; hence the grave nature of her offence becomes

the more conspicuous. An admirable performance on the part of Mr. Kyrle Bellow of the husband, and—as we are inclined to think—a still more finished and artistic impersonation of the villain of the story by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, saved the play, and even obtained for it a very friendly reception.

Mr. G. R. Sims's amusing farcical comedy, *The Member for Slocum*, was revived at the GLOBE Theatre on Monday. Sustained by a capital company—Mr. J. L. Shine was excellent as Onesimus Epps, and Miss Fanny Brough as the mysterious Arethusa—the revival was eminently successful in entertaining the audience.

A comedietta, entitled *Polly's Birthday*, written by Mr. Fawcett, the well-known comedian of the Gaiety and the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, was produced with success at the GAIETY on Monday. It forms the introductory piece in the evening programme.

The fashion of dramatic *matinées* seem rather to be extending than falling off. A clever though not too refined farcical comedy, entitled *Nitars's First*, written by Mr. T. G. Warren, was produced at the NOVELTY on Tuesday, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. It is rather too obviously suggested by Mr. Derrick's *Confusion*; but is otherwise decidedly a work of promise. The cleverest impersonations which it presented were those of Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Groves. A new four-act drama, entitled *The Barringtons*, and written by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Merrifield, was brought out at a *matinée* at the same house on Thursday. On Wednesday a new four-act play, called *Gabrielle*, was produced at Mr. Balmaine's *matinée* at the GAIETY. The story is laid during the siege of Paris; and though both plot and dialogue are commonplace, the play offered opportunities to Miss Sophie Eyre and Mr. E. J. Henley. The latter distinguished himself especially by clever acting as a mysterious agent of a secret society.

Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young, in association with professional performers, will appear at a *matinée* at the OPERA COMIQUE on the 22nd inst. in Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Lady Dedlock's Secret*, which has hitherto not been acted in London.

Miss Kate Vaughan's appearance at the NOVELTY Theatre at Easter will be in an extravaganza, entitled *Love Birds*, which is stated to be founded on *The Birds* of Aristophanes.

The revival of Mr. Gilbert's *Dan's Druce* at the COURT Theatre on Thursday, with the now renowned Miss Fortescue in the character of the heroine, comes unfortunately too late in the week for a detailed notice.

The new theatre on the north side of Leicester Square, which is to be known as the EMPIRE, opens at Easter with a revival of *Chilpéric*.

In the Banqueting Room of ST. JAMES'S HALL Miss Amy Sedgwick and Miss Glamoye gave an interesting recital on Wednesday night. In recitation Miss Sedgwick is as finished an actress as when formerly on the stage, and her command of varied styles of expression was well illustrated by the familiar excerpts from the *School for Scandal* and the *Lady of Lyons*, contrasting with the stirring pieces of "Tel-el-Kebir" and the "Women of Mumbles Head." Her character impersonation of Serjeant Buzfuz was capital, even when challenging comparison with that of Mr. Toole. Considerable pathos and tragic power were shown by Miss Glamoye, who was most successful when depicting strong emotion, as in Tennyson's "Rizpah." Songs and piano solos were contributed by Madame Zimeri, Miss Cowen, and Messrs. J. Hall and Lindsay Sloper.

MESSRS. TOOTH'S EXHIBITION

IN a spacious and well-lighted gallery, recently erected on the site of their former exhibition rooms in the Haymarket, the Messrs. Tooth have opened to public view a well-selected collection of pictures. Of the foreign works one of the most interesting is a picture of moderate size, called "In the Vatican," by Fortuny. It is one of the latest works that the gifted Spanish painter produced, and unquestionably one of the best. Nothing by him has been exhibited in England more restrained in style, or more perfectly harmonious in colour. The obtrusively displayed dexterity of handling, and the false glare and glitter that many of his imitators have made familiar to us, are entirely absent from the work. The characteristic figures, in eighteenth-century costume, and their sumptuous surroundings, including the rich tapestry on the wall, and the pictures, the marbles, and bronzes are painted with masterly ease and expressiveness of touch; the local tints are of fine quality and most skilfully arranged, and the whole is governed by a sense of beauty and proportion. There is no discordant element in the picture—nothing that could be eliminated without, in some degree, disturbing the general harmony of effect.

Among many pictures of modern Venetian life in the collection, F. Ruben's "Mending Nets" is noteworthy for its breadth of style and powerful but well-harmonised colour. The figures in the foreground are animated and naturally grouped, and the picturesque buildings behind, with their vivid reflections in the canal, are rendered with surprising force and truth. G. Favretto's large picture of "A Venetian Market Place" also shows fine qualities of colour and great executive skill. The scene is full of animation, and strikingly true in local character. The influence of Van Haanen is to be seen in both these pictures. The well-known ability of Eugène De Blaas is shown in several pictures, but he is seen to most advantage in two small single figures—the half-length of a "Venetian Girl," with rough red hair, and a vivacious expression on her attractive face, is an especially good work. Near this hangs a life-size head of a young girl by the eminent French painter, W. Bouguereau, remarkable for its refined beauty, its learned draughtsmanship, and fine modelling of form. By Julien Dupré there is a broadly painted and truthful picture of French rustic life representing robust peasant girls working in a hayfield; and by G. Charlemont a small picture of "A Page in Waiting," wrought in every part with the most elaborate care.

Mr. J. C. Hook, in his picture "The Wounded Gull," has rendered with masterly skill the impression of atmosphere and space. The appearance of movement in the waves breaking on the sandy beach is forcibly conveyed, and the modulations of colour in the wide expanse of sea and in the sky are equally beautiful and true. The figure of a girl carrying in her arms a wounded sea-bird is in perfect accord with the other elements of the scene.—Mr. H. W. B. Davis is well represented by a large picture of "Ben Slioch," with a well-composed group of Highland cattle illumined by a warm glow of evening light in the foreground; and Mr. J. McWhirter by an upright landscape, in which the white stems of the slender birch stand out in strong relief against the deep blue sea.—Mr. B. W. Leader's "Still Evening," Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "The Thames at Sonning," and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Cornfield at Goring" are characteristic examples of the styles of their respective authors; and there are good landscapes on a small scale by Mr. T. Collier, Mr. A. Parsons, and Mr. E. Parton.

THE QUEEN OF TAHITI, now in Paris as plain Mrs. Salmon, has been dreadfully worried by energetic newspaper reporters. They harassed her terribly in America. Worse than all, the journalistic visitors hurt her feelings by disparaging remarks on her appearance. Again when Queen Marahu landed at Havre she found the Gallic specials as active as their Transatlantic brethren. She is described as a fine young woman, with a good figure and oval face, a straight nose with rather broad nostrils, splendid jet black hair and eyes, and a sweet smile. She speaks French very well, her accent resembling the Italian.

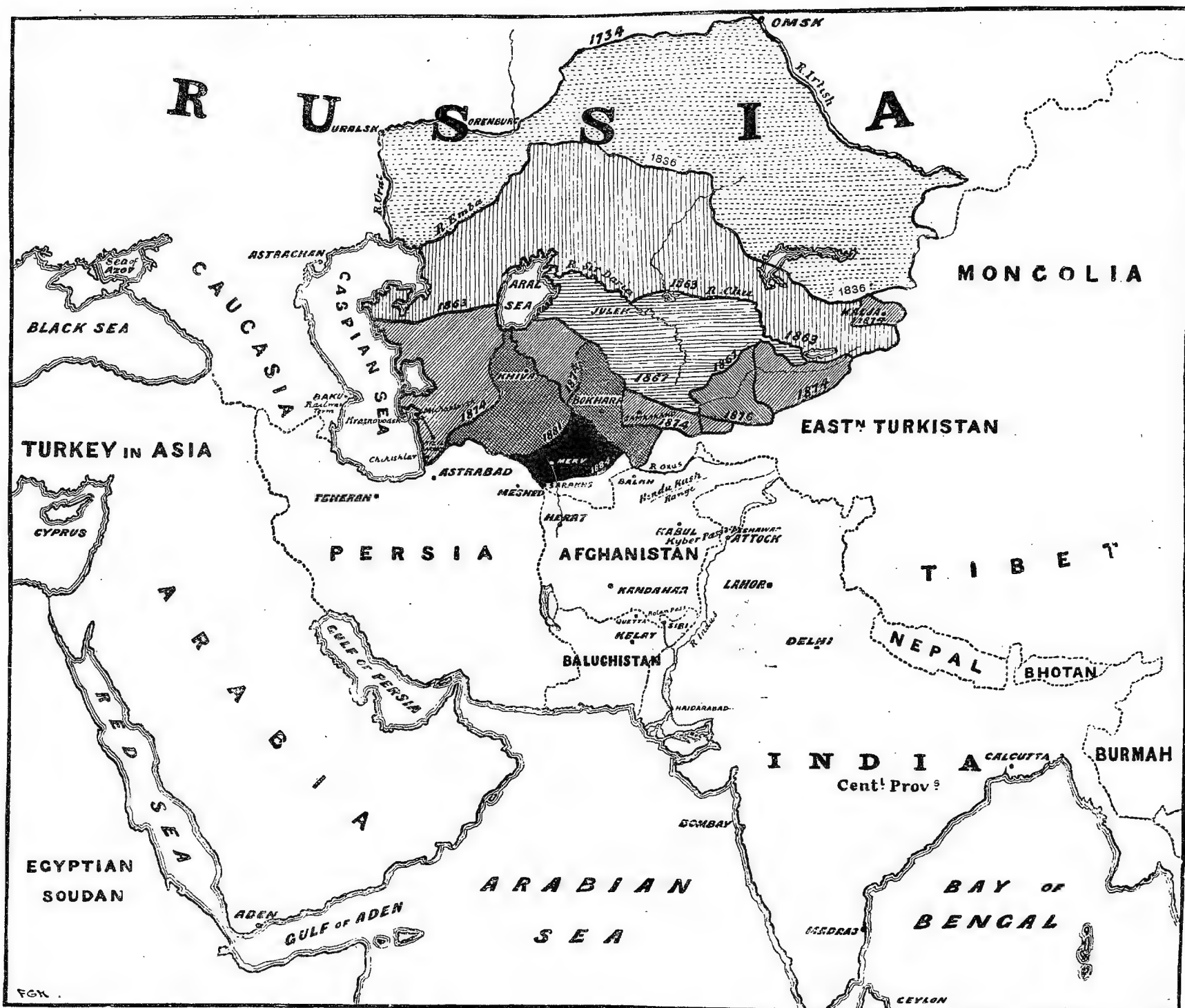
THE RUSSIAN APPROACH TO INDIA

EVER since Peter the Great, in 1723, wrested the Southern Provinces of the Eastern Caspian from Persia, Russia has been steadily advancing eastwards with unwavering consistency, first conquering, then "protecting," and finally annexing the various petty States which lie between the Caspian and the frontier of India. Of late years, indeed, the progress which Russia has made in this direction has become even more marked, and while promising Europe in general, and England in particular, that every step forward shall be the last, and that every conquered district shall not be annexed, she still pursues her even way, ever advancing, adding whole States to her already huge Empire, carefully consolidating her rule by establishing Russian institutions, bringing her new acquisitions as near home as possible by the construction of military roads and railroads, and providing regular means of communication with the most remote districts. Her method of procedure is simple: each new acquisition is threatened by unruly neighbours, possibly some of Russia's new subjects may have been carried off, and a

punitive expedition is organised, but once let a district or a strategic point be occupied by Muscovite troops, there they remain for ever and aye. The equivalent of the English maxim, "Rescue and Retire," is not to be found in the Russian political phrase-book. Should no opportunity offer for a punitive expedition, a "scientific exploration party" is sent forward, but the Cossack, for some reason or other, never fails to follow upon the heels of the Professor. Then, again, the subjects of "protected" districts are sooner or later seized with a sudden thirst for absolute Muscovite domination, and their request to be included under the wing of the Russian eagle is never denied.

The latest instance of this is Merv, an oasis district hitherto considered by England to be of immense strategic importance, and with regard to which Russia has always declared herself determined to respect English susceptibilities. Over and over again has Russia, through her Foreign Office, and even through the Czar himself, positively declared that the Imperial Government had no intention of occupying Merv, and yet she is now every whit as firmly established there as we are at Bombay. The annexed map

will show how close the Muscovite outposts are to Afghanistan and India, the successive steps which Russia has taken towards that end, and the means of communication by which Russia can, should occasion present itself, bring her forces to bear upon our frontiers. An important advance, as may be seen, began in the middle of the last century. From that time forward Russia edged her way forwards for a whole century, until after the Crimean War the district between Russian territory on the Amu-Daria and Western Siberia were incorporated into a State called Turkistan. Next came a war with Bokhara, and the annexation of Samarcand in 1867—the Ameer of Bokhara also practically becoming a Russian vassal. Mr. MacGahan, in his admirable work, "Campaigning on the Oxus," writes:—"Bokhara is at present completely under Russian tutelage, and I believe no existing agreement with the English Government prevents her from occupying that country." We have, therefore, included Bokhara amongst Russian acquisitions, and may state that her frontier here is brought to within 150 miles of Cabul. In 1870 Kokan fell into Russian hands, and three years later Khiva surrendered to General Kaufmann;



THE RUSSIAN ANNEXATION OF MERV—MAP SHOWING THE ADVANCES OF RUSSIA TOWARDS INDIA IN THE YEARS 1734, 1836, 1863, 1867, 1874, 1876, 1881, 1884

though the Khan is nominally the Ruler the State is in every way a Russian province. Then followed various additions and rectifications until we come to General Skobelev's Tekke Turkoman expedition, and the brilliant capture of Gök Tepé in 1880; the following year saw a "rectification of the Russo-Persian frontier," and finally, on February 1st, 1884, we hear that the Merv Turkomans have come to the conclusion that they cannot govern themselves, and that only the White Czar's "strong government" can introduce "order and prosperity" amongst them.

Thus, while by the abandonment of Kandahar we have receded from what has truly or falsely been called the key of India, Herat, the Russians have actually advanced to within 240 miles of that stronghold—the nearest British outpost being 514 miles distant, at Quetta, in Baluchistan. This, moreover, is eight days' hard marching from Sibi, the present terminus in this direction of the Indian railway system. From Quetta to Kandahar is 145 miles, or a fortnight's march, and from thence to Herat is a distance of 369 miles, or more than three weeks' march. By a recent calculation, which Mr. Charles Marvin has published in an exhaustive little pamphlet, which we recommend to the perusal of our readers, "The Russian

Annexation of Merv," it is estimated that troops could be brought from Russia Proper to Herat in forty-six days, while they could not even reach Candahar from England under fifty days. As our map will show, the route from Odessa would be across the Black Sea to Batoum (two days), thence, *via* Tiflis, to Baku by rail (one day). From Baku steamers would convey the troops across the Caspian in two days to Krasnovodsk and Michaelovsk, whence there is a railway to Kizil Arvat, from which Herat can be reached *via* Askabad, Sarakhs, and Merv, by comparatively easy marches. It will be seen that for the present the important strategic points of Meshed and Sarakhs lie outside the Russian boundary and in Persian territory, while Balkh, which commands the direct road to Cabul, is as yet unoccupied. Still, with the national aptitude for annexation—and already Russia is complaining of raiding Afghans, and plundering Turkomans, who have taken refuge in Persian territory—there is little doubt that we shall hear of some attempt to occupy these posts ere long. Sarakhs would be most valuable to the Russians, as it is considered the easiest road from the Caspian to Merv, whence the route along the Murghab Valley (240 miles) is the most direct approach to Herat. Another road, only twelve miles longer, was stated by General Sir

Charles Macgregor to be even easier, and in writing of it he declared that "he would undertake to drive a mail coach from Merv to Herat." Moreover, through Sarakhs runs the Tejend River to Herat, by the side of which the troops can march to Herat, a distance of 202 miles through the pass known by the Turkomans as the Hari Rud. At all events, it should not be forgotten that the Russian railway terminus, Kizil Arvat, is only 533 miles distant from Herat, and that the march thence lies through a comparatively easy country; while the Anglo-Indian terminus at Sibi is 599 miles distant, and that the road thence to Herat lies through a far more difficult district. To turn once more to the annexation of Merv, the Russians thus acquire what General Abbott called the "granary" of Central Asia, one of the most fertile and best cultivated oases of Asia—an extent of some 1,600 square miles, together with authority over the Sarik Turkomans, who have already declared their willingness to submit to Russian rule. The fortress of Merv itself also is a stronghold of no mean order, and in competent military hands will certainly make one of the strongest places of arms in all Central Asia, commanding as it does the roads to the Caspian, to Herat, to Bokhara, and to Balkh.



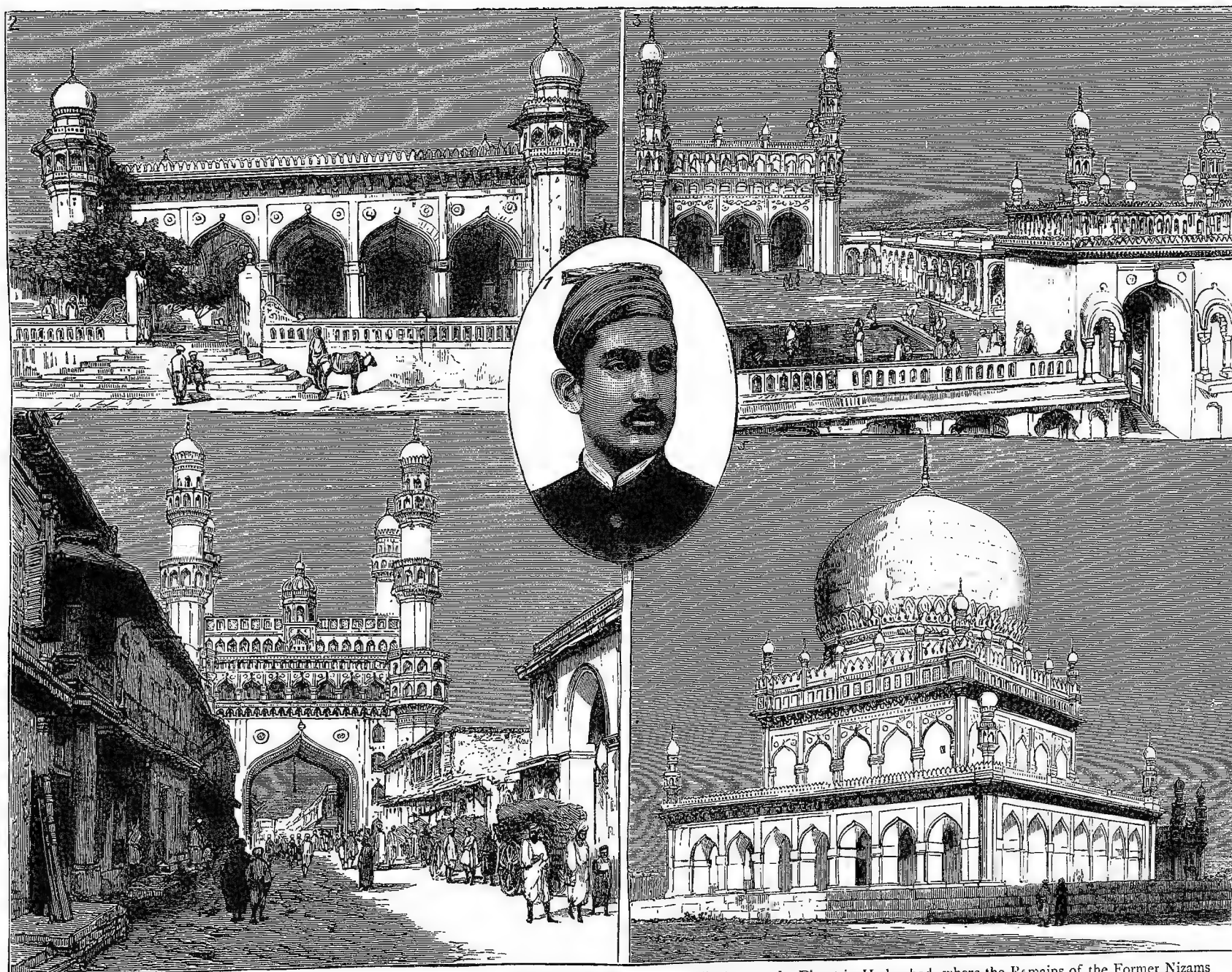
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1. H.H. Meer Mahoob Ali Khan Bahadur, the New Nizam of Hyderabad.—2. The "Mecca Masjid" Mosque, the Finest in Hyderabad, where the Remains of the Former Nizams are Interred.—3. "Afzul Gung" Mosque on the Road Leading to the City by the Delhi Gate.—4. The "Char Minar," Built at the Meeting of Four Roads.—5. Mahomed Shah's Tomb at Golconda, Six Miles West from the City.

THE RECENT INSTALLATION OF THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, INDIA



THE TURF.—Croydon has produced some very good obstacle-jumping sport this week, but the Grand International Hurdle Race has been sadly shorn of the greatness it achieved some years ago. Not so very long since it was, with its twin race, the Grand Steeplechase, a standing dish in the speculation market for many weeks before it came off, but is now almost reduced to a post-betting affair. Sachem, however, the American, who has recently shown some good form over timber, had for some weeks been put down as the most likely winner, and started first favourite in a field of eleven. He had to put up with the second place at the finish, but his performance with the 10lb. penalty was very creditable. The winner turned up in Mr. Gregory's Chieftain, who, with Skye, figured as the extreme outsider of the party. Alas for poor prophets and poorer backers! The Duke of Hamilton and his jockey, Mr. Thirlwell, won the Croydon Hunters' Hurdle Race with Captain, and on the second day took three races in succession with Pickle, Golden Gate, and Captain again, to say nothing of walking over with Eau de Vie for the United Kingdom Steeplechase.—Fulmen and Tonans are still at the head of affairs in the Lincolnshire Handicap market, and Cortolvin, Cyrus, Fugali, and Satellite divide the honours between them in the Grand National quotations. For this event the Irish horses in Linde's stable, once so much dreaded, are all out in the cold. A few weeks ago 3 and 4 to 1 was all that could be obtained against "the lot," but now 10 to 1, a lesson for early backers!

FOOTBALL.—Queen's Park, Glasgow, having beaten the Blackburn Olympic, and the Blackburn Rovers Notts County, the final struggle, to come off at the Oval, rests between the Scotchmen and the Rovers.—The Scottish Association Cup has been awarded to Queen's Park, the Vale of Leven declining to contest the final on account of the illness of several of its members.—The annual Rugby game between England and Scotland at Blackheath resulted in the victory of the former by a goal to a try.

AQUATICS.—Bubear and Wallace Ross are both reported in good fettle for their sculling match on Monday next, the former being the favourite.—There is little to report anent the University crews; both have experienced lately rather rough weather in their training, especially the Light Blues on the Ely waters; but both are doing well. Oxford is still quoted as favourite at 6 to 4 on.

LACROSSE.—The two crack clubs, London and Clapton, have again met in the contest for the South of England Challenge Flags, and the former won an easy victory. It must, however, be remembered that Clapton were unfortunate enough to be without the services of their "point," A. P. Barrett. The winners have now to meet Cambridge University to decide the right of playing Dulwich in the final tie.

CRICKET.—We may expect a pretty lively meeting shortly, to be held by the M.C.C., to reconsider the "laws" as to fair bowling. The umpires either require further and more explicit directions as to "no-balling" unfair bowling, or some further instigation to do their duty. There will, too, be a considerable discussion as to the proposal to limit the width of the bat to 3¼ inches instead of 4¼ inches, which has long been the regulation measure of the widest part. The bowling, as we all know, is sometimes under special circumstances so deadly that a match is cut short by it; but far more often the batsmen completely master the bowlers, and matches become wearisomely long, or fail to be played out.—After all, there is not likely to be any team of English cricketers organised to visit Australia this year.

BILLIARDS.—There is never a lack of spectators at the Aquarium when good billiard playing is to be witnessed, as it was last week in another tournament (under the management of Messrs. Burroughes and Watts), with the spot-stroke baird. The result of the six days' play left G. Collins (who received 100) the winner, with six games won and only one lost, and W. Cook (who owed 50) second, with four games won and two lost. At the bottom of the poll was W. M. Green (who received 75), with a single game won and six lost.

ATHLETICS.—One of the great athletic events of the year is the National Cross-Country Championship, which for the eighth time was run for on Saturday last, Four Oaks Park Racecourse, near Birmingham, being the venue; and this was the first time the contest has taken place out of the metropolitan district. Only five clubs competed, and notwithstanding the fact that they were defeated in the Midland Championship, the Moseley Harriers, with their champion, George, were the favourites. Public opinion was justified, as they supplied the first man in George, and their representatives also filled the second, fourth, sixth, ninth (W. Snook), and tenth places, their total figuring as 32 points. The Birchfield Harriers were second with 68 points, and the South London Harriers with 89. The last, *longo intervallo*, were the Small Heath Harriers, with 203, and their best man was only thirtieth. George's time over the ten to eleven miles of country was 64 min. 47 sec. It is a matter for great regret that the Liverpool Harriers, the recent winners of the Northern Counties', did not put in an appearance, having passed a unanimous resolution at a club meeting that they were not satisfied

with the qualifications of certain members of three of the competing teams.—By the end of this week Weston will nearly have completed his wearisome journey. We understand that he will arrive in London on Saturday, and finish his performance at the Victoria Temperance Music Hall, which is being prepared for him. We cannot speak too highly of the pedestrian's pluck and perseverance, whatever may be thought of the reasonableness of the task he undertook. He will well deserve the applause with which he will be greeted by the ardent spirits among his temperance friends.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, with a party of friends, has been indulging in the noble sport of "pig-sticking" in India, and the Duchess and her ladies looked on from a convenient ridge adjacent to the sticking ground. The Duchess, who has often witnessed boar-hunting in Germany and elsewhere, is said to have expressed an opinion that it is poor sport compared with pig-sticking.



FEBRUARY has been a dry fine month, and no mumbling of old proverbs presaging disaster from such weather will prevent farmers from rejoicing over the favourable and forward state of the land. The spring sowings are getting on well, and early sowing is always advantageous, provided the young plants are not cut back by severe frosts late in the spring. In hot dry seasons early seeding is especially valuable, as the surface is shaded before the drought can so bake the land as to check growth. The mild open weather has made the root stores hold out well, and in Scotland the difficulties apprehended from a short stock of turnips have not occurred.

SCOTLAND IS REJOICING over the extirpation of foot-and-mouth disease in that country, and has also reason for congratulation over the generally thriving state of cattle and sheep, including the now particularly important ewes, which are close to lambing. Prices of fat cattle, however, are slightly on the fall, and farmers complain that small profits, or none at all, have been made by feeders. Store cattle are in fair demand at relatively higher prices for the better sorts than fat command, though not so high as those current for lean stock last summer and autumn. Large quantities of wheat, barley, and even oats are being fed to cattle and sheep, owing to the disastrous depression of the cereal markets.

THE CART-HORSE SHOW might well have attracted a larger attendance of the general public than was actually the case, but the society holding the exhibition is itself a young one, and the popular favour will doubtless come in time. To a general observer it seemed rather strange that colour had nothing to do with the awards. Even chestnuts—horses showing a colour distinctly suggestive of another breed—obtained prizes, and the champion of the Show was a brown horse with a white blaze on the face and three white feet. Grey horses and black horses seemed nearly as numerous as the brown, but white was not represented. Now that increasing attention is being given to this useful breed, we might suggest that in London on May Day there should be some such procession of cart-horses as there has been for several years at Newcastle. The great London companies, brewers, and goods merchants could make a splendid show if influential patronage and a valuable cup or prize could be secured. The support necessary ought to be readily forthcoming, and the procession would have an excellent effect in increasing the interest of the drivers and draymen in their equine charges. It has been alleged that cart-horses are now bred too particularly for size and weight, but at the recent Show action and build obviously determined the choice of the champion, and exercised the greatest influence throughout the competition.

THE SHIRE-HORSE SOCIETY, and not the Cart-Horse Society, will be in future the name of the Association which has just held the Show at Islington. The change of name seems only fair, for the horses exhibited and encouraged by the Society are all of one class, the Shire-Horse. To this breed the "horsey" world practically limits the name of cart-horse, but the greater world is not so precise, and certainly the vast majority of people would call Clydesdales, the old Norfolk horse, and the Suffolk Punch all cart-horses. The recent show has been held under the Presidency of Mr. Walter Gilbey, while over the next exhibition the Duke of Westminster will preside.

SOUTHDOWN SHEEP formed the subject of an excellent lecture delivered by Mr. Wood, of Merton, at South Kensington last week. On the Southdowns we may look with legitimate pride. They were here before the Normans, and their claim to be Early English cannot be gainsaid. They have remained through eight centuries to all intents and purposes a pure breed, and they remain the best of all sheep for the country to which they are indigenous, namely, a dry, breezy, light, upland soil. Their mutton is of unrivalled excellence, and admitted to be so even by many farmers who find, or think they find, a greater rate of profit in larger and heavier, but coarser breeds.

WHEAT.—The markets of the last fortnight have been of a rather undecided character. The mean price for the whole kingdom has fallen below thirty-seven shillings, a degree of depression almost unparalleled in agricultural annals, and never recorded to have occurred before in the winter following a deficient yield. As regards business, cargoes rather lose than gain in strength, especially

for white wheat, but the offerings at country markets, as well as foreign red sorts, are more difficult to buy. In London a section of buyers look for further depreciation of price, and seem anxious for a decline to be brought about, in order that then some cheap stock may be secured. But the majority of merchants and factors still regard prices as already below a level that can be kept for the rest of the season. Demand keeps very quiet, and speculation is dormant. The consumption of flour in the London district this winter is currently thought to have been some four thousand sacks per week less than usual, principally on account of the remarkable mildness of the season.

HIGHWAYS.—A Bill on this subject has just been introduced into the House of Commons, and is backed by members of both parties. It gives power to the highway authorities to prune hedges or top or remove trees that interfere with the road without charging the occupier, and with his consent. It gives also power to erect more gates for the purpose of preventing animals straying on the highways on giving public notice and obtaining the consent of the county authority. We hope this small but useful measure, introduced by private members, will not get overwhelmed in the grand rush of omnibuses through St. Stephen's Temple Bar upon which the Government this Session have apparently set their hearts.

FLOWERS.—London this year was well reminded that "the roaring month of daffodil" was with us, for on the 1st March, daffodils, which previously had been absent from the florists, or at all events extremely rare, were offered in plenty, and towards evening were selling in the streets. We have been told that these early flowers came from Sicily, but we can only remark with our informant, "it seems a long way." The same day, Saturday last, we noticed the first almond tree in blossom, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. We remember one earlier season when the almond flowered on the 23rd February, but the usual date is the second or third week in March.

GAME ON COMMONS.—There being a widely-spread notion that the possessors of rights of common are entitled to "the benefits of the Hares and Rabbits Act," it may be as well to remind our readers that "the benefits" of that statute are limited to occupiers, and it is expressly stated that "a person shall not be deemed an occupier of land for the purposes of this Act by reason of his having a right of common over such lands." The Act of 1831 accordingly applies, and this enacts that game, rabbits, and hares on a common belong to the lord of the manor, who has the same remedies as an ordinary owner against poachers or other trespassers. But he also has liabilities, for if the hares or rabbits do the common injure a farmer's crops the lord of the manor is liable for the damage.



MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN contributes to the *Fortnightly* an article on the law of blasphemy, controverting Lord Coleridge's recent dictum that attacks on Christianity are not punishable provided the "decencies of controversy" are observed. Reviewing the history of trials for blasphemy, Mr. Justice Stephen contends that, on the contrary, any bookseller who sells a copy of Comte's "Philosophie Positive" or Renan's "Vie de Jésus" is punishable by fine and imprisonment, and that the late Mr. William Rathbone Greg might have been legally dismissed from his Controllorship of the Stationery Office as the author of heterodox writings, however moderate in tone. Mr. Justice Stephen, therefore, recommends either the repeal of the blasphemy laws or as a less preferable alternative the enactment of a declaratory statute giving legislative validity to Lord Coleridge's dictum.

INCOMPLETENESS AND INACCURACY in the official returns of the Board of Trade having resulted from carelessness and negligence on the part of exporters in not complying with the regulations of the Act of Parliament, an *employé* of a City firm was summoned at the Guildhall by the Commissioners of Customs for a breach of them in respect of some packages shipped to New Zealand. The Lord Mayor imposed a fine of 2l. on the offender, who could only plead that, being merely an *employé*, he was not responsible.

IN A CASE tried in January before Sir Richard Cross as Chairman of the Lancashire Quarter Sessions, a husband prosecuted his wife and her male accomplice for stealing some of his property. The jury convicted both prisoners, who were duly sentenced. The chief evidence against them appears to have been the husband's, and it was contended by their counsel that under the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, the evidence of a husband in criminal proceedings against a wife is not admissible. The wording of the Act being somewhat ambiguous, Sir Richard Cross made out a statement of the case, which was submitted this week to the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. Lord Coleridge, with four of the five other judges, upheld the validity of the objection, and quashed the conviction. A certain class of peccant wives will welcome this decision.

THE TWO LIVERPOOL POISONERS, Catherine Flannagan and Margaret Higgins, sisters, were executed on Monday. They are said to have made disclosures implicating others than themselves in several cases of poisoning for the same object as that which led them to poison Higgins, the husband of one of them, namely, to obtain the money for which the victims were insured.

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"Daphnê, or Dorothy—which?"

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER X.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE

So, for prudence' sake, and for carefulness, and to avoid the charges of an open house, we remained at Blanchland until the New Year.

Before her departure, Lady Crewe held a long and very serious talk with Tom, the nature of which I was not told at the time. For many days afterwards he was graver than was his wont, and talked much about his place and position in the County; he reprimanded Mr. Hilyard, also, when he spoke of Sport, for thinking of nothing more worthy his attention (whereas the poor man thought of Sport not at all, save only to please his patron), and he made careful inquiry about the House of Commons, the duties and privileges of members, and how a gentleman may rise to eminence in that august assembly, from which I conjectured that some plan had been laid before him by my aunt. He spoke also of matrimony and of heiresses, saying that a man in his position, although his estates were embarrassed, might look as high as any one, and that London was the place to find a rich gentlewoman—not Northumberland, where the families are so large and the times grown so peaceful that of heiresses there are none at all in the whole county.

"Sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "I know little concerning the ways of the great, yet I have walked in St. James's Park and seen the ladies followed by the beaux, few of whom can be compared with your

Honour for comeliness and strength, while there are many who cut a fine figure in the park and the theatre yet have never an acre of land in all their family."

Tom was twenty-seven by this time, no longer in the first flush of manhood, but a handsome fellow still, though beginning a double chin and inclined to be corpulent. As regards the pursuit of an heiress, I never heard anything more about it, and conjecture that it was a part of her ladyship's advice offered, but not carried into practice. In matters of gallantry, our North-country gentlemen are sadly to seek; nor do the ladies expect it of them; and an heiress and a fine lady of London would have so many beaux following her, that I think a plain man would have very little chance, however good his family.

Presently, Tom grew tired of keeping his own counsel, and therefore told us—I mean Mr. Hilyard as well as myself—all that had passed. Her ladyship was, he said, most gracious and kind. She assured him that the restoration of her own family to their lost wealth and former position was all that she now lived for, saving her obedience to her husband; that she had no longer any hope of children, and that while Lord Crewe's Northamptonshire property would go to his own nephews, nieces, and cousins, he had most generously given her the bestowal of the Northumberland property, which she was resolved upon bequeathing entire to her dear nephew.

This was good hearing indeed. But better was to follow. The Manor House was to be maintained as before, and a reasonable allowance would be made to Tom out of the revenues of the estate.

He was, therefore, once more Master of Bamborough, and we might still sit in the Chancel without feeling that we were usurping that place of honour. All was to be Tom's.

Yet there were conditions—just and reasonable conditions I call them, and such as should have been accepted without a murmur. But men are so masterful, they brook not the thought of bridle or of rein. First, Tom was to remember that he was no longer a young man, and that such follies as sitting up all night drinking and singing in the company of young gentlemen whose expectations and fortunes were far below his own, should now cease; that on the retirement of his father he was to become Knight of the Shire in his place; that he was to go no more to races and matches where money is rashly and wickedly lost; that he was to take unto himself, in reasonable time, a wife of good stock and approved breeding; and that, finally, as regards politics and the Party, he was to take no important step, at any time, without her ladyship's previous consent and approval.

These conditions Tom accepted, yet grumbled at them. "Why," he said, "I am already seven-and-twenty, and am still to be in leading-strings. As for drinking, Heaven knows it is not once a month that we have a bout, is it, Tony? Well, two or three times at most; as for racing, if a gentleman have a good horse why should he not back him for a few guineas? Is one to be for ever counting up the pence and watching how they fly? As for a wife, all in good time. When Dorothy marries, perhaps, or when—but Heaven sends wives."

"The conditions, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "appear to me such as your Honour would do wrong to refuse, because they can never be enforced, nor can her ladyship ascertain whether or no they have been obeyed, except as to the matter of Parliament, in which there can be no doubt that it would be greatly to your Honour's interest to learn something of the affairs of the nation, if only with a view to those great offices and positions of State which will, doubtless, some day be forced upon you."

"Well," Tom replied; "it is something to have in the house one who can talk a man into anything. Why, Tony, if her ladyship ordered me a flogging at the cart's tail, I warrant you would make it out to be very much in my interest."

We were not without company, especially in the autumn, for Hexhamshire and Allendale Commons abound with wild birds and game of all kinds: there are grouse, blackcock, partridge, bustard, wild geese, ducks, water-rail, heron, peewit, teal, and snipe; also for those who care to shoot there are eagles, hawks, falcons, kestrel, and kite; so that if gentlemen came there was always at least game for the table, and, methinks, he who sits down to a coursed hare, a brace of partridges, a rabbit pie, or from the farm a Michaelmas goose or fat capon, need not complain about his dinner.

They came, therefore, across the moors for the sake of the sport, or for friendship with Tom, or to enjoy the singing and play-acting of the Jester, or perhaps some of them—I know not—on account of myself. It is high upon thirty years ago. Alas! the pleasant times are gone. Wherefore let me, without boastfulness, but with gratitude, remember the days of my youth, when men took pleasure in such beauty as had been granted to me. I could tell (but refrain, because this book is not about myself, but my brother), how Perry Widdington and Ned Swinburne quarrelled about me, and were like to fight—the foolish boys—as if running each other through the ribs would make a girl love either of them any the better. I had a great deal to do with them: for, first, if you please, their honour was concerned; then they had said such words to each other as required, and would have, the shedding of blood; next, they were old friends from childhood, and it was a shame for each to treat the other so: they would be revenged; lastly, what right had either to interfere when it was plain that the other was in love with Dorothy?

I told these boys that they were a couple of fools; that if they fought I would never speak with either of them again; that as for their religion, they were undeserving the name of Christians, who must forgive one another; and that, if they wanted further speech of me, they must immediately shake hands and be brothers again. At last they consented, and, with melancholy faces, shook hands upon it. Why they were sad over the business I know not, because this hand-shaking saved the life of one and might have given the other a bride, only that the lady, when their hands had been given, told them she was sorry, but she could take neither. So they went away glum, and would not forgive me for a long time. There was also young Tom Clavering, who gave much trouble, being more persistent than most, and had to be spoken to very plainly. I might certainly have married one of these young gentlemen, but I know not how the family pot would have been kept boiling, or a roof kept over our heads, for they were all younger sons, with a poor forty pounds a year at most, for all their portion, and the great family house to live in while they pleased; and not one with any thought of bettering himself. Young men think that the pot is filled with wishing, and that love provides beef as well as kisses. They were brave and gallant boys; much I loved to see their hearty faces and hear their merry laugh; but I could not regard them with the favour which they wanted, and for a very good reason—because there was another man who had already fired my heart, and in so much that, beside him, all other men seemed small and mean.

This, then, was the manner of our life at Blanchland, among the ruins which the old monks had left, and their melancholy ghosts. Sometimes I, who was as strong of limb and as well able to do a day's march as any, would go with the gentlemen when they went shooting. Pretty it is to watch the dogs put up the game—the grouse running in the cover, the swift whirr of the coveys, and the snipe, with their quick flight and their thousand twistings and turnings, designed to deceive the huntsman and to escape his shot. Sometimes I would don riding dress (but not coat, hat, and wig, as some ladies are reported to do nearer London), and ride with them after the fox, well pleased if, as often happened, Master Reynard escaped the hounds, putting the hounds off the scent by crossing a stream; or, but this was seldom, I would get up early in the morning, and go with them other hunting, which is too rough a sport for a girl and too cruel, with the fighting of the dogs and the killing of the poor brute at the end. After every party there was the finish of the day, with the feast—rough and plenty—the flowing of small ale, stout October, and whisky punch, and Mr. Hilyard, always ready after his first glass or two to play Jack Merryman for the company; and the Rev. Mr. Patten, if he was there, ready to bow low at every remark which my brother might make, and to say "Hush!" when he was going to speak, and to sigh when he had spoken as if Solomon himself had uttered out of his boundless wisdom another proverb. When the punch began to go round I withdrew.

One of the most frequent visitors, as I have said already, was this Reverend Robert Patten, Vicar of Allenhcad, for whom at the very outset I conceived a violent dislike. He came, I doubt not, partly in order to ingratiate himself with one who had two livings in his gift, and partly in order, if possible, to obtain a recommendation to the Bishop, and partly in order to get at another's expense as much drink as he could carry—and more. For my own part, I deplore the practice of taking too much wine, even among gentlemen, but in a clergyman it is truly scandalous. As for the enmity between Mr. Hilyard and this disgraceful minister, that by no means abated, but quite the contrary, so that, after the formal greeting, they exchanged not a single word, both making as if the other were not present.

At last I asked Mr. Hilyard for the cause of this bad blood between them.

"It seems to me," I said, "that Mr. Patten, whom I confess I like not, is open to no other charge than that of drunkenness, which alone should not make him hateful in your eyes. We must not, Mr. Hilyard, judge our brethren too severely."

"It is true," he said, "that the sight of his sleek face and thick lips makes me angry, and sometimes almost beyond myself. Yet I pray, Miss Dorothy, that you hold me excused."

This I would not do, but pressed him to tell me all, which he did after much hesitation.

"A Christian must not hate his brethren," said Mr. Hilyard, "but he may, I suppose, regard him with contempt. It is with contempt that I look upon Bob Patten. Know, therefore, Miss Dorothy, that we were at Oxford together, and of the same College. If I may say it without vanity, my parts were tolerable; but Bob was ever a dull dog. Had I not imitated the part of the Prodigal Son, I might now have been a grave and reverend Fellow—perhaps the Tutor."

He had already told me of his foolish conduct as regards the satire against one of his superiors,

"Alas! the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the Devil are greater to some than to others. There are, I am sure, many men who are tempted by none of the things which drive some of us to madness. I am myself drawn as by strong ropes whenever I hear the sound of a fiddle, the clinking of a glass, and the voices of those who laugh; if there is a church on one side the street and a theatre on the other, I have no choice, but must needs go into the theatre.

This was my ruin. Though I studied in the morning, I drank, and sang, and made verses in the evening. So I became known to the Proctors, and an object of suspicion."

"But what has this to do with Mr. Patten?"

"Creeping Bob neither sang (because his voice was like the grating of rusty nails upon a slate), nor drank (because no one would give him or trust him), nor made merry (having been born on the shady side of the street), nor offended Proctors and Tutors, hoping maybe, but in this he hath been mistaken, to make up for muddy wit by a nice morality, and perhaps to get a Fellowship and a fat College living. This conduct made him deservedly popular with his fellows, and gained him the glorious title of Creeping Bob. As he was then so is he now."

"But, Mr. Hilyard, ought the prejudice of youthful days to be considered sufficient cause for so great a contempt?"

"Nay—but there is more. For certain small natural gifts"—he assumed an air of humility which was nothing in the world but pride in a vizard—"which have been my plague; namely, that I could make in a vizard—(yet Martial himself was always a dependent on patrons, and lived in poverty) and verses (poets are allowed to be a ragged race) and orations, whether in Latin or in English, and either in the comical or the serious vein, and could in half an hour write more and better to the point than dull-witted pates such as Bob can do in a year. So I got a reputation, and was presently regarded with terror by every Doctor of Divinity and reverend person in the University, because whatever was whispered of scandal, as of one grave Professor being carried home brimful of punch, and another—but these are old stories—suffice it that the next day there was dished up, hot and hot, such a course of verses, satires, epigrams, and secret history as made the Fathers of the University tremble. And though they knew the hand which wrought these verses, they could not prove the fact."

"Perhaps I had still escaped, but for a dastardly act of crowning treachery. For I had got safely to my third and last year, when I ought to have been presenting myself for a degree in Arts, with my string of syllogisms. Then, indeed, my life would have been different; instead of a servant—whose fetters, Miss Dorothy, you have most generously covered with silk—he bowed low and his voice stuck—"I say, generously covered with the finest silk, so that they have not galled the limbs of him that wears them. I might have been now a great preacher, or a grave scholar, a credit to my father's care, and a monument and proof of answer to his prayers. Yet I lost all for the glory of a single set of verses."

I knew already that he had committed this great madness. It seems incredible that young men can be found so eager for applause that they will even stake the hazard of a life upon the laughter of an hour. But this, Mr. Hilyard did.

"As for my oration at Commemoration, that," he went on, "might have been passed over, though there were angry threats uttered. Yet it was allowed that a better oration than mine had never been made by any Terræ Filius in the memory of man. What did my business was a satire on the Vice-Chancellor, which the next day went about from college to college. There was no name to it, but everybody knew who wrote it. This gave them an excuse for bringing forward my speech before the Heads, and while one wanted me to be forgiven, and another to write me for two years in the Black Book, and another to send me down altogether, lo you! the President of my College settled the matter for me, for he lugged out of his pocket a letter in which the writer, whose name he withheld, said he felt moved by the extraordinary tenderness of his conscience to disclose the fact that the author of the satire was no other than Mr. Antony Hilyard, of his own College, and offered proof, not only as regarded the last production, but of every epigram and squib about which noise had been made for a whole twelve months. After that there was no more to do. They sent for me, the letter was read before my face, and I was expelled. The writer of the letter was no other than Creeping Bob. This the President himself afterwards told me. If I had been Aristides himself they could not more unanimously have voted my expulsion."

This, then, was the reason of his animosity. Certainly, no one can deny that it was a good and sufficient reason.

"Doth Mr. Patten know—?"

"I believe he knows it not. Yet, he who has once injured a man always fears that man, and would injure him again if he could. There is a way in which he could do me another wrong. I doubt not he will some day discover this method."

"But how can he hurt you now?"

"When I was expelled, there was nothing for it but to run before my creditors in the town got wind of my misfortunes. It is ten years ago, but creditors never forget, and, were they to learn where to find me, a debtors' prison would be my lot. If Mr. Patten is so officious as to tell any one in Oxford—well, at nineteen one is a fool, but sometimes folly is punished worse than crime. I had no right, being penniless, to have debts at all; nor should I, the son of a vintner, have presumed to wear white linen, lace ruffles, and silver buttons. Yet I did, trusting to pay when I was made a Fellow, as is the custom at the University. Wherefore I go daily in terror of the bailiffs, and at night lie down thinking that Newcastle Gaol is my certain end."

"Surely, a minister of the Church would not—"

"Bob Patten would if he thought of it. As for the mischief which he tries to work between his Honour and myself, there, indeed, I defy him."

So for the present the conversation came to an end. But I turned the matter over in my own mind, and watched the two. I saw that Mr. Patten still cast upon the man whom he had injured malignant scowls when he thought himself unobserved, and I found an opportunity to converse privately with him as well.

I began by asking him whether he had known Mr. Hilyard in former times.

He confessed that their acquaintance was of old times, when they were young and at the same College together; though, he added, they were never friends or of the same way of thinking. For which he piously thanked Heaven.

Thereupon, I asked him, further, if there were anything, so far as he remembered, against the private character of Mr. Hilyard—other than might be alleged against any young man.

Here Mr. Patten hesitated. Presently, he said that as regards character a great deal might be said; but, indeed, a young man who was expelled the University for intolerable license, railing accusations, exaggerated charges, and unspeakable disrespect towards his superiors, had need of all that could be said for him; still he would say nothing, only that, as he had reason to believe, there were many tradesmen of Oxford, honest creatures who had trusted his word, and now would gladly know where Mr. Hilyard could be found.

Upon this I stopped him short, and informed him in plain language that, as no one could tell these tradesmen except himself, he must understand, once and for all, that the favour of Mr. Forster, if he hoped anything from it, depended on his observing silence. "Let there be," I added, "no letters of a tender conscience, Mr. Patten."—At this he started and looked confused.—"I say, let no letters of a tender conscience be written. Remember that. Should anything be done by Oxford people, it shall certainly be laid at your door, though, to be sure, a body would be sorry if a godly minister, such as yourself, should suffer from so injurious a suspicion."

Mr. Patten, who had turned first red and then pale, at mention of a letter of conscience, protested that he bore no malice towards Mr. Hilyard, and that, so far as the Oxford people were concerned, he had nothing to make or meddle in the matter.

Then I went farther. I said that Mr. Hilyard had now been in the family for a great many years; that he had always shown himself faithful, silent on occasion, and honest; that he was a gentleman of most ingenious mind and great parts; that not only Mr. Forster but also Lady Crewe entirely trusted him; wherefore, if any distrust should arise in the minds of these, or either of these two, it could be none other than the work of a private enemy; and I plainly bade Mr. Patten beware, lest, through any hostility of his own, he should cause such a distrust, because, in such a case, he would have others besides Mr. Hilyard to encounter, and the truth should be wholly laid before the Bishop. He protested again that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to create any such mischief; that he was a man who loved peace and friendship, a man who forgave his enemies, and heaped coals of fire on all calumniators, and so forth. But he looked angry and troubled, his fat lips shook, and his small pig-like eyes winked.

Enough of this villain for the present.

CHAPTER XI.

DAPHNE

I HAVE not yet spoken of our most honoured visitors, the three Radcliffe brothers. They all came often, but the eldest most often. The reason of his coming you shall presently discover. As for all the three, though they conformed to our customs, and especially in the hospitality for which the North is famous (to the destruction of many a fine estate), they loved not to sit long over their wine, and left the table when the night was yet young, and the bottle but just beginning. The example of Lord Derwentwater's manners somewhat shamed our young gentlemen of their rusticity, though it drove them not from the whisky punch. Thus Tom, for instance, began to take part in discourse which was serious and grave, as ladies like it. With the assistance of Mr. Hilyard and my lord, we held a great many conversations on those curious matters— theological, philosophical, scientific, and so forth—which do most concern the soul. To recall some of these old conversations of a happy time, the question was once argued by us whether Abraham was not the first institutor of public schools; and again, why the Fallen Angel is called alike the Son of the Morning and the Prince of Darkness; and another, whether a good painter may not draw a face better and more beautiful than any yet made; and whether it is right for a good patriot, who loves his country, and should desire to beget children for its defence, to become a monk or a nun; whether eyes or tongue help most to love; why a wet sheet tied round a cask prevents the liquor from freezing in the hardest weather; whether the fall of Lucifer was the occasion of the creation of the world; what is the best argument to prove the existence of God; whether the death-watch gives a long or a short notice; why Alexander called his horse Bucephalus; how the flying of kites may be improved to the public advantage; why fish taken from the salt sea taste fresh; what sort of Government is best; who are Gog and Magog; why the stork is never found except in a Republic; who was the father of Louis the Fourteenth; whether the best times are already past, or are yet to come—with many other questions and curious problems, invented or found for us by Mr. Hilyard, who enriched every discussion with so great a flow of learning as astonished those able to follow and understand him. It was pleasing at these times to observe the shamesfacedness of those gallant boys, Perry Widdington and Ned Swinburne; how they listened, and pretended to be regarding the speaker and his manner of dealing with the subject in hand; and how, presently, they either fell asleep or stole gently away, and so to their tobacco and October.

"My lord," said Tom, "is a gentleman of the finest breeding; yet, hang it, he won't drink. He can ride with the best, and shoot with the best—pity that so strong a man should have head so weak."

"In Paris," I replied, "it is, happily, not the fashion for gentlemen to drink."

"Na—na. Fashion—fashion—we gentlemen of the North care nothing for fashion. Drinking will never go out of fashion in this country. A man ought to sit with the company and see the bottle out, not to get up with a 'By your leave, gentlemen,' and so off to the women before the toast goes round half-a-dozen times. Let me tell you, sister, my lord and his brothers will never be truly popular till they learn to take their glasses about with the rest."

Tom was wrong, because the Earl's good heart made him everywhere beloved. It is better, methinks, to carry all hearts by generosity and virtue than to be popular in a company of gentlemen for strength of head, like any Timothy Tossopot. Why, Mr. Hilyard was popular among those who knew nothing of his scholarship and fine qualities, because he was never known to fall under the table while there was another man still sitting up. Any brewer's man may become popular for the same cause.

"My Lord Derwentwater," said Mr. Hilyard himself, who was not, in spite of his own practice, a respecter of those who love strong drink—see how men can admire virtue, and even love her, yet still practice what they despise! "My lord is all goodness, I think. He reads books; he hath received a liberal education from the Jesuit Fathers, and can quote from Tully, the Mantuan, and even the great Epicurean poet. It is long, indeed, since so great a nobleman was also so good a scholar. At the University of Oxford, alas! the sons of gentlemen and noblemen are encouraged to pass their time in any pursuit rather than reading. And in Northumberland the gentlemen have been too busy, until late years, upon their border trysts to regard learning greatly. My lord is truly a Phoenix among them. Pity that he still adheres to the old religion. Faith, Miss Dorothy, may surpass reason; but must not oppose it. Yet, as hath been well observed, religion lieth not so much in the understanding as in the practice."

Thus it happened that on many occasions my lord would leave the gentlemen over their cups and sit with me, conversing on all kinds of subjects, such as his relations with the Prince, his life in Paris, and his projects for the future. He opened up his mind to me in such a way as only a young man, in the society of a woman whom he trusts, can open his mind. I may truly say that I found him always inclined to good works, of the most benevolent disposition, and full of kindness, without any meanness, vice, or blemish in his character. Why do I say these things? His nobleness is so well known that for me to add my testimony is but like carrying coals to Newcastle. One thing I learned very plainly, that my lord, though of so great a name and estate, desired nothing in the world so much as to remain in ease and retirement; to be what his great-grandfather had been (there is no happier lot in the world), a plain country gentleman, and so to live and die. Yet with such loyalty that he knew well, and acknowledged, that when the Prince's followers made a serious effort, he, too, at risk of all, must arise and go with them. Wherefore he prayed daily that the voice of the nation might pronounce—yea, shout loudly—for the Prince, so that a Restoration, not a Rebellion, might follow. But for vapouring conspirators he had no patience, and to such he would never listen.

"It gives me pleasure," he said (so kindly was his heart), "to converse with you, fair Miss Dorothy; nowhere else do I find so kind a listener. For if I talk with my brother Frank, he presently flies into a rage at the country's treatment of Catholics; and if to my aunts, they reproach me for lukewarmness towards the Church, whereas, Heaven knows—but that may pass; and if to your brother, he falls into his cups, and then he may say one knows not what. There is wisdom in your face—which I have made to blush—forgive

me. Dorothy," he whispered, "have your lovers never written any verses on your blushing cheeks?"

I told him that gentlemen in Northumberland do not make verses on ladies at all.

Afterwards I told this pretty compliment (which was made with all respect) to Mr. Hilyard, who laughed, and said that it was high time for the Muses to exchange Parnassus for the Cheviot, or for Spindleton Heughs at least.

Then my lord began to tell me of the ways in Paris, and how the ladies were called by names other than their own, sometimes a name made by an anagram, and sometimes by a name taken from classical story. "As for you," he said, "you should be called Daphne, after the nymph who was turned into a laurel. Daphne or Dorothy, which may I call you?"

We were walking along the south bank of the stream, where it rises in a hill, and is covered with hanging woods. Tom was gone a shooting, and though it was already late in the year, the yellow leaves were still upon the trees, and there were flowers yet among the grass.

"Daphne, or Dorothy—which?"

"Oh! my lord, I am a plain country girl, and know not the language of gallantry."

"Heavens!" he replied. "If such a face could be seen in the land where this language is talked! But that, fair Daphne, is impossible. The French ladies are *gracieuses*, but they have not the beautiful face and figure of our English women, any more than their country has the charms of this, which is surely the garden of all the world."

Could any woman hear such things said to her for the first time, and by a man so young, so handsome, and so noble, and not lose her heart? Why, I am proud to think that this divine young man made love to me; it makes me happy to remember it. I confess that I was ready to give him my hand and my heart. I should be ashamed of myself now if I had not been ready, because it would argue a head so insensible that a negro of New Guinea would scorn it. And yet, whether I be believed or no, I declare that I had no thought of securing a coronet and a great estate. This was so. I was a simple country girl, but of an honourable house; a Radcliffe could do a Forster no honour by marrying her. I was unused to the polite world, ignorant of Courts, and untrained in arts of coquetry. Again, I had no knowledge of a woman's power, nor could I lure a man, nor did I know aught of the strength and passion of love, jealousy, or rivalry, save for the things Mr. Hilyard read to me out of Ovid—such as the stories of Cephalus and Procris, Hero and Leander, Sappho and Phaon. It was by no arts of mine that my lord was attracted to my side. Yet a woman is not a stock or a stone; and when I saw that he loved me—why, truly, I need say no more.

Some days after he called me Daphne I found lying on my table, written in a feigned hand, a copy of most beautiful verses. Who could doubt the name of the poet?

Like apple-blossom, white and red;
Like hues of dawn, which fly too soon;
Like bloom of peach, so softly spread;
Like thorn of May and rose of June—
Oh! sweet, oh! fair, beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.
That pretty rose, which comes and goes,
Like April sunshine in the sky:
I can command it when I choose,
See how it rises, if I cry,
Oh! sweet, oh! fair, beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.
Ah! when it lies round lips and eyes,
And fades away, again to spring,
No lover, sure, could ask for more
Than still to cry, and still to sing,
Oh! sweet, oh! fair, beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

Never were verses more beautiful. I read them again and again. I took them to bed with me, just as a little maid takes her doll with her. I knew them all by heart, and blushed—

That pretty rose, which comes and goes—
Like April sunshine in the sky,

whenever I said them to myself. Who could have written them but my Lord? I waited for his next visit, and showed the lines to him, thinking he would have confessed. Ah, the pretender! He read them with an air of astonishment so natural that it might have imposed upon any, so that I did not dare charge him with what he was too modest to acknowledge.

"Daphne," he said, "they are pretty verses indeed. I would I could find such rhymes to fit my thoughts. Prior himself hath never written better. Alas! why am I not a poet?"

So he read them again, and when he read the last lines,

Oh! sweet, oh! fair, beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear,

he stooped and kissed my hand, saying:

"Ah! Dorothy, are there in all the world cheeks more sweet than thine?"

Thus we talked, and in such sweet discourse the days passed by. I have sometimes wondered whether Tom suspected that, while he was tramping the moors, fowling-piece in hand, Lord Derwentwater was turning his sister's head with compliments, and stealing away her heart. Mr. Hilyard knew and witnessed all, but I understood not why he grew every day more gloomy, inasmuch that Tom declared he now wanted six glasses of punch at least before he became moderately cheerful. Why should he not, since he protested so much affection for me, be the happier for my happiness? And why should he, when I went singing, go with his head hanging? He ought, further, to have been happy because Lord Derwentwater noticed him kindly, and condescended to ask his opinion on many matters of importance, and listened gravely to his conversation.

"Such a man," he said, "would in France be a poet and wit in the service of some great lord, or he would be a hanger-on of ladies' salons and *ruelles*, making verses for them, writing operas and comedies. He would be admitted to the suppers of Princes, where he would sing and recite and play a thousand monkey tricks. He would be just such a man as Boisrobert, the favourite of the Cardinal fifty years ago, or Benserade, or Voiture, or any of them. He would be an Abbe at least, and presently would get something, a canonry, a prebend's stall, or even a parish. What can such a man do in England?"

Such a man might, Mr. Hilyard himself told me, go to London, find a patron, write plays, and perhaps obtain a place; or he might be the starving wit of a coffee-house, the hack of a publisher, and die in a garret.

"It is melancholy," Lord Derwentwater continued, "to see so fine a scholar thus wasted and thrown away. Not," he added, "that any man can be thrown away to whom it is allowed to sit daily in your presence and to hear your voice. But a man of such vast reading, with a memory so prodigious, should have climbed high up the ladder by now. He should be a Court Chaplain, or a Dean, whereas what is the poor man but a Jack Pudding in the evening and a steward in the morning? A play-actor need not know Greek nor a steward Hebrew. And when Tom Forster marries—what?"

"My Mr. Hilyard will always have one friend," I said. "Who loves me must love him too."

"I would love an ape for your sake," he replied. "Therefore I shall find it easy to love this ingenious gentleman and unfortunate scholar."

So, one day, I ventured to ask the poor man why he grew so melancholy.

He said, first of all, that he was not melancholy, but brim full of spirits and joy, to prove which he heaved a deep sigh, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Nay," I said, "but I know the contrary. Tell me, why—surely you, to whom I owe so much gratitude, cannot think I am careless of your concerns. Tell me, dear friend, if it is anything I can help."

"It is nothing that you can help," he said. "I am in truth the most ungrateful dog in the world not to be jumping about and singing all day to give you pleasure. And yet—here he fetched another sigh—"I think of the future when you will go and I remain. But since you will be happy, what matters it for me?"

"Oh! Mr. Hilyard. I could not be happy if you were miserable. We have been companions so long. Do you think I could ever forget your readings and your talk, from which I have learned all I know? Nay—but let me whisper one thing. See—there is one who—who—pretends to find pleasure in my society. He knows very well that he who loves me must love my Mr. Hilyard as well."

Mr. Hilyard hath a heart full of sensibility. He bowed and kissed my hand and said nothing. But the tears in his eyes ran over, and down his cheeks.

(To be continued)



"ESSAYS AND LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK," by George Eliot (William Blackwood and Sons), does not come before the public as a new book, and none of the usual interest of posthumous publication attaches to the seven essays which form the larger part of the volume. Of these, four were published in the *Westminster Review* in the years 1855-57; the others appeared in the *Fortnightly*, *Fraser's*, and *Blackwood*, in the years 1855, 1865, and 1868 respectively. These essays are still fresh in the recollections of many who read them on their first appearance; and the subsequent republication of the best passages from them, both in Miss Mathilde Blind's monograph and in Mr. Willis Cooke's voluminous critique have to some extent made the general public aware of their nature and scope. It is well, however, that these writings should be issued in a complete form with George Eliot's own imprimatur. In the brief preface to the volume Mr. Charles Lee Lewes says that George Eliot "made, some time before her death, a collection of such of her fugitive writings as she considered deserving of a permanent form; carefully revised them for the press; and left them, in the order in which they here appear, with written injunctions that no other pieces written by her, of date prior to 1857, should be republished." The only new things in the volume are certain "Leaves from a Note-Book,"—jottings full of suggestiveness, sometimes taking the form of aphorisms, sometimes of short essays,—intended doubtless to be amplified in some such form as the essays in "Theophrastus Such." Of the longer essays the most important are those on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness: The Poet Young;" "German Wit: Heinrich Heine;" and "Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming." All were written in the full maturity of her opinions, and, taken together, they contain a full exposition of her philosophy. The essay on Young—that "remarkable individual of the species *divine* . . . who clothed his apostrophes and oburgations, his astronomical religion and his charnel-house morality, in lasting verse, which will stand, like a Juggernaut made of gold and jewels, at once magnificent and repulsive"—is a masterly moral dissection worthy to rank with Carlyle's attack on Loyola in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets." It concludes with a fine tribute to the truth and beauty of Cowper's poetry. The essay on Heine—opening with some wise sentences on the old subject of the difference between wit and humour—passes on to a study of Heine's mind and verse which, though much has since been added to our knowledge of Heine, may still stand as the best account of the great poet. The paper on Dr. Cumming is again polemical. As in that on Young, George Eliot's object is to attack a certain phrase of the prevailing theology, and replace theological sanctions by an inspiring conception of love and duty to humanity. In short, in the essays she expounds just those beliefs and principles which underlie the construction of all her novels. The "Leaves from a Note-Book" are full of suggestion and wisdom.

Most English readers taking up "Portraits of Places," by Mr. Henry James (Macmillan and Co.), will turn first to the papers on England, though the Italian sketches are the most highly finished. On thinking of his work Mr. James is inclined to disparage his papers on England; he calls them superficial. Perhaps they are. But they are bright, and very ingenious; and on the whole soothing to our self-esteem. The good looks of the English impress this cultured American observer, who thinks that "the capacity of an Englishwoman for being handsome is absolutely unlimited," and that "the beautiful young men who adorn the West End pavements, and who advance before you in couples, arm-in-arm, fair-haired, gray-eyed, athletic, slow-strolling, ambrosial, are among the most brilliant features" of the season. Of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, Mr. James says (and the passage is a good example of the ingenuity of his prose):—"the effect it attempts to produce within belongs to the order of sublimity. The attempt succeeds, and the success is attained by means so light and elegant that at first it almost defeats itself. The sublime usually has more of a frown and straddle, and it is not until after you have looked about you for ten minutes that you perceive that the chapel is saved from being the prettiest church in England by the accident of its being one of the noblest." With such cleverness the book abounds. How pleasantly Mr. James dwells upon the sights in Italian cities no one who has read his novels need be informed. To observe the limitations of his delicate style one has only to turn from the paper on Venice to that on Niagara. In this there is much subtlety of expression, much freshness of observation. Everything that is rare and beautiful in the spectacle is pictured with fidelity; yet the description lacks the necessary force. Taken as it stands, however, "Portraits of Places" is delightful reading; as, indeed, is everything from Mr. James's accomplished pen.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new book, "The Silverado Squatters" (Chatto and Windus), is disappointing. It is disappointing, that is to say, to those who know his previous work; to those who have followed his writings from the beginning, and have looked on him as one of the most brilliant and original writers of the younger generation. "The Silverado Squatters" is another piece of out-of-door Bohemianism. It tells how Mr. Stevenson and his wife, with "Sam the Crown Prince, and Chuchu the Grand Duke" "squatted" in Silverado, a deserted mining-village in the Californian highlands. Reading of the squatters' life, and remembering what Mr. Stevenson has done on these lines before, one misses some of the charm which filled his other books with such a peculiar attractiveness. There are descriptive passages—notably one of a starry night, "which seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in

starlight,"—as finished as any we have read, and some character-sketches which are not inferior to Mr. Stevenson's previous work; but as a whole the book is literal and prosaic when compared with the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" or "An Inland Voyage." It is not to be thought for a moment that Mr. Stevenson has said all he has to say; for only the other day he gave us a romance displaying unusual originality, imagination, and dramatic power. We venture again to express the hope, now that Mr. Stevenson is happily on the way to recovery from his recent illness, that he will give shortly some example of the employment of his fine gifts in the field obviously best fitted for their display—that of fiction.

Mr. Alexander Macdonald has brought together in a small volume, entitled "Our Sceptred Isle" (Sampson Low), a number of interesting facts relating to colonies in general, and especially to the great colonies which form "our world-wide empire." His book is written in support of Mill's dictum that "colonisation, in the present state of the world, is the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage." Mr. Macdonald seems to expect, contrary to the recently-expressed opinion of Mr. John Morley, that the colonies will remain attached to the mother-country, and will continue to form that Greater Britain of which Professor Seeley has lately written so eloquently. Mr. Macdonald's book is timely and helpful.

In "Bullet and Shell," by George F. Williams (New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert; London: Trübner and Co.) there is plenty of information about the great Civil War in America, given from the standpoint of a soldier who took part in the contest. As a work of fiction the book is dull and disappointing, for the author has little sense of dramatic effect. Still, there are a few exciting episodes; and those who have patience to continue to the end will have a tolerably comprehensive and accurate idea of the war.

"A Journey Round My Room," by Xavier de Maistre, translated by Henry Attwell (Chatto and Windus) is one of the latest additions to the "Mayfair Library." The translation is well done, and the dainty writing of De Maistre (reminding one so curiously of Sterne) may be read in this version with almost as much pleasure as in the original.

In looking through Mr. Clark Russell's "Sailors' Language" (Sampson Low), one is tempted to think that the author has compiled this book as a glossary to his own works. Whatever its origin, the volume is a very useful one, and will serve the new dictionary-makers with valuable additions. The definitions are clear and brief, and include most of the usual seamen's phrases. Mr. Russell has written an amusing preface on the subject of sailors' talk in general.

Mr. Charles Wood is not an exhilarating writer, and even when he has such a good subject as a "Cruise of the Reserve Squadron" (Bentley and Son) its charm is lost in his cumbersome handling. Mr. Wood accompanied the Reserve Squadron as a guest on board the *Defence*, and visited Malaga, Gibraltar, the Alhambra, and other more or less well-known places. These he describes at length. The most interesting part of the book is that telling of the arrangements and routine on board an ironclad.

The fourteenth annual issue of the "City of London Directory" (W. H. and L. Collingridge) is as full as ever of useful information, and is furnished with an excellent large scale map of the Lord Mayor's dominions.—In the "Clergy Directory" (Thomas Bosworth) we note that the changes caused by the endowment of the Bishopric of Southwell are incorporated; a list of the cathedral and diocesan establishments is given; and the reader is also informed of the churchyards which have been, or are shortly to be, closed by "Orders in Council."—The "Statesman's Year Book for 1884" (Macmillan), which the present editor, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, carries out on the plans of the late Mr. Frederick Martin, teems with useful statistics, and includes this year six new countries, namely, Madagascar, Hawaii, Orange Free State, Transvaal, Zanzibar, and Burma.—Stockbrokers and investors will find a mine of valuable information concerning companies and stocks of all sorts, British and foreign, in Mr. H. C. Burdett's "Official Intelligence" for 1884 (Erfingham Wilson).—The "Official Year Book of the Church of England" (Christian Knowledge Society), of which this is the second annual publication, affords, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the status and doings of the Church and her Scottish, Irish, American, and Colonial branches in all parts of the world. It abounds with matter of high interest.—"May's Newspaper Guide" (159, Piccadilly) is for journalists and advertisers a most valuable publication. This year a list of Colonial newspapers is given, and there are maps showing in red ink the towns where (and how many) newspapers are published.—A "Musical Directory," issued by the Society of Professional Musicians, and published by Thomas Wall, Wigan, seems to be carefully edited.—Lastly, we have to welcome our meteorological friend, Mr. Edward Mawley, whose weather records, taken at Addiscombe, well deserve preservation. "The Weather of 1883" (E. Stanford) is the fifth of the series, and is fuller than any of its predecessors.

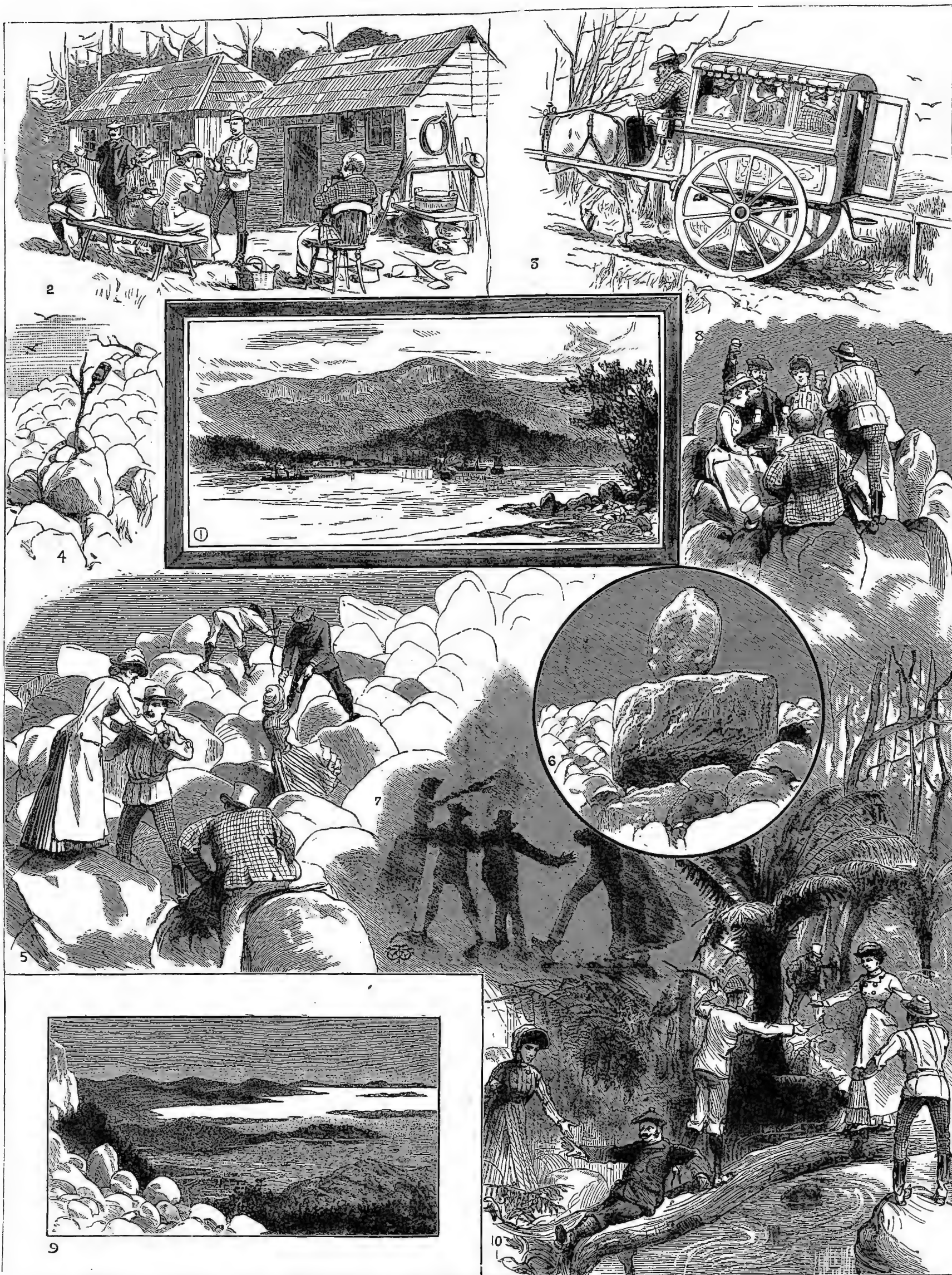
"A Manual of Financial, Railway, Agricultural, and other Statistics," by Charles Eason, jun., M.A., B.L. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is a most useful work for politicians, economists, and investors, as it contains numerous tables relative to national finance, to railways, their receipts, working expenses, and dividends, to the area and population of the various British counties, as well as of each State and Territory of the United States; to agriculture, its imports and average prices, and to emigration. The tables are carefully compiled, and are certainly marvels of statistical industry.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE first report from the exploring party under Professor Hull, which is making a geological survey of the Wady Arabah and the Dead Sea, records the success of the expedition so far as it has yet proceeded. It would seem that the shape of the south part of the Dead Sea, as well as the positions of many places in the neighbourhood, as shown on the maps, require correction. A large number of meteorological observations have been made, and photographs have been taken. The complete reports, to be published in the Journal of the Geological Society, will be looked forward to with much interest.

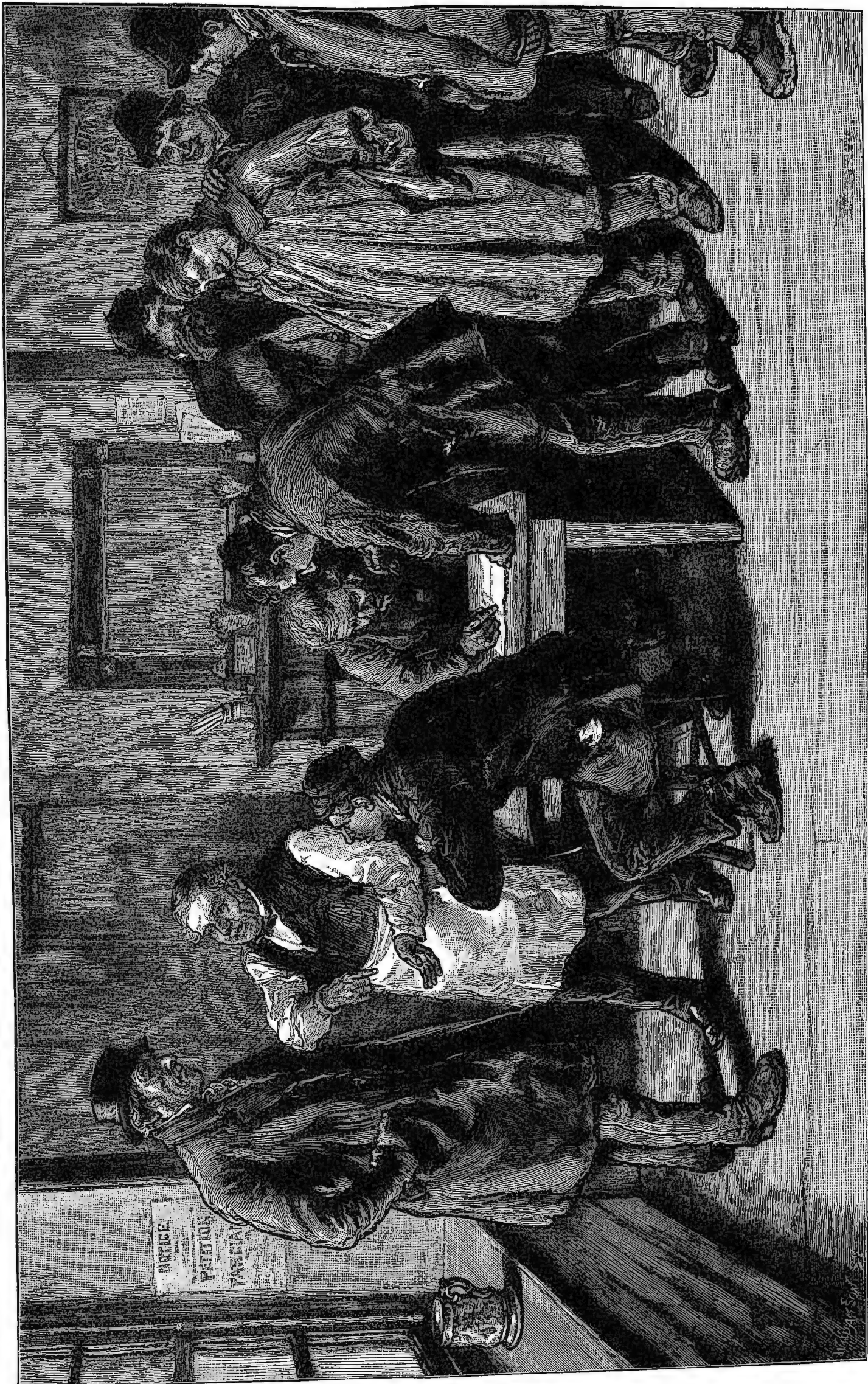
The new method of transporting meat in a frozen condition from one end of the world to the other, has recently been applied to the preservation of salmon ova destined for New Zealand. The steamer *Ionic*, which, like other vessels of the New Zealand Shipping Company, is fitted with Haslam's refrigerating apparatus, has just left this country with 60,000 salmon eggs, packed on an entirely new principle. Kept at a temperature near the freezing point, but not sufficiently cold to actually freeze the eggs, the air is driven into the containing chamber in a moist condition. The dry air absolutely necessary for the preservation of meat would quickly destroy salmon ova, whilst a too liberal supply of moisture would be equally fatal to the eggs. The eggs in question were collected by Sir James Gibson Maitland, whose successful hatchery, near Stirling, was the first of the kind established in this kingdom.

A German inventor advocates the manufacture of a new kind of ordnance which, from its light weight, would if really efficient be most useful for employment in hilly situations, where ordinary artillery could not go. The materials used in the construction of these novel guns are steel, silk, and gutta percha. A steel tube, to form the bore, is revolved rapidly in a lathe, above which are spools of silk, so that as the tube turns it is gradually covered from end to



1. Mount Wellington from Kangaroo Point.—2. The Half-Way House.—3. The Ascent for the First Five Miles.—4. An Extemporaneous Finger-Post.—5. Crossing "The Ploughed Field."—6. The Rocking Stone.—7. In the Clouds.—8. Above the Clouds.—9. View from "The Ploughed Field."—10. Descent by the Fern Tree Gully.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA



A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT

end with a thick silken coat. A covering of gutta percha over the silk finishes the operation. The inventor claims that silk, when tightly wound upon a core in this manner, exhibits great tenacity, and will resist a sudden strain as effectually as steel. Another advantage claimed for the new gun is that, being covered with a non-conducting medium, several rounds can be fired in quick succession without inconvenient heating.

An ingenious and cheap method of producing a stony surface upon a metal plate, to be used in a lithographic press instead of the ordinary stone, has been patented by Mr. H. J. Hadden. The process, briefly described, is as follows:—Slaked lime is added to a water bath, which afterwards is treated with carbonic acid. By this means a saturated solution of bicarbonate of lime is produced, which can be drawn off as a clear liquid. A carefully cleaned metal plate is moistened with this liquid by a spray apparatus, and then dried by heat. These operations are repeated alternately until a firmly adhering deposit of limestone is obtained upon the plate, when it is ready for receiving the lithographic ink. We should imagine that when subjected to pressure the limy coating would be apt to flake off the metal, but if not the invention will be a valuable one.

Another new departure in the methods of printing is noted by the Society of Arts Journal, which tells us that the *Australian Graphic* is illustrated by means of typographic etchings on glass plates. The drawing is made on the glass in the first instance with a waxy or resinous ink, the plate is then flooded with hydrofluoric acid, as in the usual way of etching glass, which eats away all the surface not protected by the ink. The glass plates are then cemented to metal supports, and are used in the printing press in the ordinary way. The advantage of employing a highly brittle material like glass, instead of metal which can be etched as easily, is not quite apparent.

Although electric lighting generally seems to have come to a halt, as it has at former periods after some hopeful invention has given it a sudden spurt, it is interesting to note any new application of it. The extensive gunpowder mills of Messrs. Wakefield, near Kendal, are now lighted throughout by Swan lamps, so that work can be carried on by night as safely as by day. The works are two miles in length, and the buildings are isolated from one another. The dynamo machine is placed in a central position, and the wires to carry the current are fixed overhead like telegraph wires, branches being carried to the various buildings as required. In the buildings which are considered specially dangerous the little electric globes are contained in copper reflectors with plate glass fronts.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society of New South Wales it was stated that the inhabitants of the Chiloe Islands have a novel kind of barometer. It is the shell of a certain crab, which is so sensitive to atmospheric changes that it appears white in dry weather, becomes covered with red spots when the air is moist, and turns quite red when the rainy season approaches.

A very extensive and beautiful ice cavern has been discovered in Carniola by Professor Linhart. It is called the Friedrichstein Cave, and although its existence has been known for some time to the hunters and wood-cutters in its neighbourhood, it seems never to have been explored by any one else. The area of the cave is nearly 500 square yards, and its shape is almost circular.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, a paper was read by the Rev. J. A. Rivington, describing a new method of fresco-painting, invented by Herr Adolf Keim, of Munich, which gives results of such a permanent nature that even the climate of London would have no effect upon any mural painting produced by it. In this process the wall to be treated must be dry, and, if of brick, must contain well baked materials. A priming of specially prepared mortar is then used, the components of which are mixed with distilled water, so as to eliminate every chance of the presence of lime. The painting is then executed on this prepared surface. The finished picture will bear the application of the strongest acids without injury, and is actually improved by washes of caustic potash, which corrosive fluid is the best medium for cleansing it. The process is not more expensive than other methods, and is likely to mark a new era in mural decoration.

T. C. H.



MR. JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD may well give "A Hard Knot" as the descriptive sub-title of his new novel, "One False, Both Fair" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). The principles of farce permit us to accept, without any inconvenient questions, the two Antipholi and the two Dromios—especially as they belong to the country of Nowhere in Particular and to the period of Once Upon a Time. But faith is strained to the utmost when we are asked to accept a serious plot of the present time based upon a likeness between twin sisters so absolutely perfect that the "one false" is able to pass herself off for the other, in spite of the latter's protestations of her own identity. Indeed, the false Marchioness deceives for a time her sister's lover, who only perceives the truth by a sort of inspiration. Even the one person who is entitled to admittance behind the scenes of a story, the reader, is intentionally mystified; so that altogether the plot is a very hard knot indeed. Moreover the basis of the novel, of itself incredible, is so managed as to seem glaringly impossible. The basis being once granted, however, the edifice rises naturally. The principle of farce is the deduction of natural conclusions from absurd premises; and, while there is certainly nothing farcical about "One False, Both Fair," this same principle is consistently and not unskillfully applied. The very eccentricity of the notion gives it a sufficient share of interest, and few are likely to be so devoid of curiosity as not to hurry forward with some impatience to Mr. Harwood's solution of his own problem. The solution, however, is less satisfactory than the puzzle. A wicked Russian Countess holds the whole secret in her hands, and it depends entirely upon Mr. Harwood's own convenience when and how everything shall be made clear. When this at last happens, there is no attempt at the anticipated dramatic surprise—the edifice merely collapses at a touch, and the reader is left with a sense of disappointment at having been made to give away so much of his faith for nothing. Only great ends can excuse such demands as Mr. Harwood makes upon the public capacity for taking marvels for granted. For the rest, this serious Comedy of Errors has its humorous side, apart from the amusement that results from the spectacle of a plot chosen with such courage. "Chinese Jack," for example, a cosmopolitan Welshman, is as curious and eccentric as the story in which he takes a necessary part, and is sketched with liveliness and vigour.

"Pericles Brum; or, The Last of the De Veres," by Austin Pember (1 vol.: J. and R. Maxwell), is styled "a satirical romance," and the imaginary author's preface is dated 1880. Mr. Pember's hero is the only son of a duke, but has been stolen on his intended christening day by one Alexander Radd, with a view to his being trained as the ideal leader of an ideal Democratic and Atheistic revolution. How far the experiment succeeds may be gathered from such crowning incidents as a massacre in Westminster Abbey, and by the saving of England from its mob by French troops brought through the Channel Tunnel. Oxford, it seems, is to culminate in a college founded on aggressive Atheism, and all is to happen in strict

accordance with the gloomiest predictions. Final victory is to remain, however, not with the mob itself, but with a clique of selfish and sensual demagogues who use the mob for their own ends. Enough has been said to show the scope and purpose of "Pericles Brum." This romance of the future contains many telling points and passages, but the effect would have been infinitely better had the author chosen to fight with the rapier of satire instead of with its bludgeon. Indeed, he uses the heavy weapon of his choice much too clumsily; he has all the incoherence and awkwardness of one who is far too much in earnest to think of style or to be capable of humour. Of course, to give the effect of truth and life to a picture of the future is one of the most difficult tasks which any writer can set himself, and comparative success is as much as can be fairly expected. Something much more, however, is required than merely being in indignant earnest—indignation may, as Juvenal claims, inspire a poet; but such work as Mr. Pember has undertaken demands consummate art, and art is inconsistent with being in a rage. We trust that the want of realism in "Pericles Brum" may be a good omen of an equal want of reality in such a collapse of everything good in England as its author foresees, and attempts to describe. That too many tendencies are at work towards the end which he ventures to bring so near, it would be vain to deny.

"Cherry," by Mrs. C. Reade (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell) is a romance of love and poison, which would be a great deal better for the additional infusion of a little motive. An adventuress, apparently out of sheer malice of heart, induces a groom, who bears a singular and most uncharacteristic likeness to the first Napoleon, to poison the favourite dog of her benefactress. Thence, as her ideas expand, she employs the same groom to hocus the same lady's horse; and, as the groom has a hopeless passion for his mistress, he eagerly undertakes this singular form of revenge for his despair. The horse throws the lady; and then the adventuress, having evolved designs upon the latter's husband, with unintelligible inconsistency nurses her back into life before depriving her of it by means of an alkaline poison. But the groom, having run away from the scene of his incomprehensible mischief, and re-engaged himself to a deserted lady's maid, repents, informs his fiancée of Mlle. Rousseau's designs, and thus averts the impending tragedy. All this is rather sensational business to be mixed up with the ordinary humours of the large families of brothers and sisters familiar to connoisseurs of the domestic order of fiction. What Mrs. C. Reade can find in crime to make her think it worth describing for its own sake is difficult to imagine. Crime is well within the legitimate domain of fiction, but only when it is studied intelligently or dramatically as an important branch of the science of human nature. When treated as a mere inconsequent series of dry facts, without even so much as a comprehensible motive, and without any attempt to render the circumstances moderately probable, then fiction simply challenges the police reports, and is bound to fail ignominiously. We close the novel without the faintest belief in Cherry, or in Mlle. Rousseau, or in the groom who resembled Napoleon. And since if we were able to believe in them we could only detest or despise them, the state of incredulity is the more favourable of the only alternatives possible.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—This new venture seems to be a success, to judge by the class of music issued therefrom. Some of our best composers publish there. As its name would imply, "Sunshine" is a bright and cheering song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Berthold Tours; it is of medium compass.—A very sweet and pathetic song is "Thoughts of the Absent," words and music by "Noretta."—Of the same type, and equally healthy in sentiment, is "The Old House Far Away," written and composed by Ellen Forrester and G. A. Macfarren.—Of a more lively school are: "It Serves You Right," a ballad, which tells of the just punishment of a coquette—words by E. Oxenford, music by A. L. Mora; and "A Summer Idyll," a bright little ditty, by J. E. German, who has also composed a quaint piece for the pianoforte, entitled "The Guitar."—Many of our readers will have heard "The Sunny South," a summer dance, by David Wilson; it was played by Mr. Julian Adams' Orchestra at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, where it was a great favourite last season. He has now arranged it for the pianoforte.—"Air de Ballet," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by P. De Soyres, is an easy and showy piece, which will take well in general society, where classical music would be voted a bore.—We had almost forgotten to notice the most original song in our vocal budget, "The Crew of the *Betsy Jane*," a new nautical ditty, written by Frank W. Pratt; music by S. Claude Ridley (organist to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage). The words are full of dry fun, and the tune is easily caught up and chorussed. It would bring down the house at a people's concert, whether beside the sea or far distant from it; the compass is within the middle octave.—Those of our readers who have a taste for variations will enjoy "Twenty Variations on an Old English Air" ("The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"), which V. Pirscher has taken the trouble to compose—we should think for his own edification.—A set of waltzes, of more than ordinary tunefulness, is "Autumn Flowers," by G. A. Pritchard.

MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—Book I. of "Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte," by Michele Esposito, contains ten very excellent lessons for an inexperienced student. They are well calculated to produce a firm touch and correct fingering. There is no special feature in these studies to distinguish them from many others.—Three very good pianoforte pieces by the above composer are well suited for school-room practice, they are respectively (1), "Serenata," a charming melody, by no means difficult, and very effective; (2) "Impromptu," not quite so easy as the above, but more showy; and (3) "Deuxième Scherzo," most brilliant, but decidedly difficult; well worth the study needed to perfect it.—A grand "Orchestral March," by Henry W. Pohlmann, arranged with taste for the pianoforte, is stirring and spirited enough for after-dinner execution.—By the same composer is "In Silken Attire," a very melodious and danceable set of waltzes.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A sad version of the old but true story, the heroine a little neglected maiden dying of want in a garret, is "The Cross of St. Paul's," written and composed by Claxson Bellamy and Arthur Dyer.—"Lost and Found" is a cheery tale of a sailor's love lost and found again very quickly; words by Edward Oxenford, music by G. Hubi Newcombe, published in B flat (baritone) and D (tenor).—We can confidently recommend "True Love Lives Long," written and composed by F. W. Waithman and Eugène Goëlette, to a mezzo-soprano; it is a really charming song, compass from E first line to F fifth line, and only published in one key, hence it maintains its individuality.—"Sicilienne," a "souvenir de Keilhau," by Otto Schweiger, is a brilliant pianoforte piece for school-room study.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Two very pretty songs, music by Berthold Tours, are "The Orphan's Prayer," the pathetic words of which are by Charles J. Rowe, and "Shall I Tell?" words by E. Oxenford, a lively song; a good pendant to the above.—"Good Night," a serenade, words by Jetty Vogel, music by

Emilio Pieraccini, is a fair specimen of its school, published in F and E flat.—"Happy Years," words and music by Cotsford Dick, is not one of the best examples of this clever composer's work; the words are better than the music.—"Phospho," a *morceau fantastique* for the pianoforte, by E. L. Hime, is a well-written composition, and should find favour with musical teachers.—The prettiest piece of its school which we have received for some time is "Gwendoline," a *petite gavotte*, by Cecil Nielson; the melody will catch the most obtuse ear.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA

OF the many tourists who visit Tasmania, "The Gem of Southern Seas," few feel the trip complete unless the ascent of Mount Wellington can be counted among their holiday exploits. The mountain is situated immediately in the rear of the city of Hobart, and rears its majestic head 4,166 feet above the sea. Visitors generally go in companies, as individuals caught alone in the clouds which at times cover the top, are very apt to lose their way, and thus are compelled to spend an uncomfortable night on the mountain side.

Five miles may be ascended in a vehicle, and travellers generally avail themselves of this opportunity to reserve their strength for the steep and arduous climb which can only be accomplished on foot. Alighting at "The Finger Post," the ascent proper begins, and is comparatively easy until the "Half Way House" is reached. The bracing air of the mountain side, as well as the exercise, give the traveller an appetite which thoroughly appreciates the refreshments of tea, coffee, and something stronger, which may be had here.

From the "Half Way House" the climb becomes more arduous, and caution is required to keep the beaten track, for the adventurous climber who tries a "short cut" to the summit, if not lost entirely, exemplifies the truthfulness of the saying, "The shortest path there is the longest way round."

Near the top, the "Ploughed Field" must be crossed. This consists of a vast area covered with large boulders, many of them weighing several tons, thrown together promiscuously, much like a lot of road-metal on a gigantic scale. From here the traveller's eye can feast upon a grand bird's-eye view of bays, peninsulas, rivers, lakes, and capes, while at his feet lies the city of Hobart, so small that apparently a man's hand could cover it all.

Beyond this a natural curiosity presents itself in the shape of a large stone, which, resting in a peculiar position upon a large boulder, is said to rock to and fro by the force of a strong wind. The clouds which hang upon the summit and appear so beautiful from below, are dense mists above, and the visitors must either walk one behind the other or clap hands, as well as construct rude extemporaneous guide-posts, to lead them on their return. The highest point reached, the company have either a magnificent panorama stretched out before them of the whole south-west coast of the island, or, should it chance to be cloudy, a sea of fleecy vapour, through the rifts of which may be caught glimpses of the country far below. A hearty lunch is generally the "order of the day" at this point, after which the descent is made *à la* the "Fern Tree Gully," which generally proves an exciting, as well as an amusing part of the trip, especially if it has been raining a day or two previous.

At the "Fern Tree Grove" the vehicle is in waiting, and but a short time elapses before the travellers are in town, tired and dirty, yet feeling themselves highly repaid for their unusual exertion.

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. M. Robertson, Ryrie Street, Geelong, Australia.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A MOST welcome volume to all who are still sufficiently unsophisticated to enjoy its contents is "Interludes and Undertones; or, Music at Twilight," by Charles Mackay (Chatto and Windus). Perhaps Dr. Mackay is hardly held in the esteem he merits by the rising generation in this country; though our Transatlantic cousins—wiser in this respect, at least—rank his writings at a sufficiently high estimate. But those who can appreciate genuine melody with hardly a discord, earnest though simple thought, homely pathos, and occasional touches of quaint humour, ought to pay the veteran poet the honour due to him, and the present collection serves to show that his right hand has by no means lost its cunning. Charming as the poems are, the book is one of the saddest we ever read, because it is so painfully evident throughout how ungenerous treatment has had power to wound a truly great and faithful spirit,—not to break it; witness the poem called "A Brave Struggle," which demands quotation:—

I've looked on Poverty undismayed,
His cold breath on my cheek,
I've seen him crouching at my bed,
When winds blew shrill and bleak;
I've watched him crawling to my board,
To snatch my scanty food,
But never suffered him—no, not once—
To scare me where I stood;
But fought him upright like a man
That only feared disgrace;
And hit him hard, and laid him low
And scorned him to his face!
I've struggled, sure of victory,
In pride, although in pain,
With soul serene and head erect,
And so I will again.

Long may the good old man, of whom all his countrymen may well be proud, live to repeat his brave assertion, and with less need for it! But is it not most pitiful to read such poems as "Critiques or Critics," "The Poet," or "Diamond Scratches"—the last most sorrowful of all, though we decline to believe that so pure and gentle a soul ever *really* hated anybody. Amongst other fine pieces we must note "Gone," "A Worm in the Sunshine," "Euthanasia," the manly eulogium on the Comte de Chambord, and last, but by no means least, "In the Strand"—in which Dr. Mackay shows his affinity to the school of which Hood and Præd are, perhaps, the most generally accredited representatives. But we are sorry that he should advocate the pulling down of St. Clement Danes,—and if it comes to a question of "obstruction," why not demolish St. Paul's Cathedral? This is a book out of the common, and one to be cherished by every true lover of poetry.

We must not say too much about "Aglia Unveiled," by Charles D. Morley (E. W. Allen), because it is confessedly the work of a very young man. The principal piece is written in fairly good Spenserian stanza; but it is far too didactic, and contains but the thinnest elements of an unintelligible story. We may remark that "Hebe" does not rhyme with "glebe," and that nothing is gained by affectedly, and not too correct, archaic treatment. The shorter pieces call for no special comment.

There is decided merit in "Life Thoughts" (Kegan Paul), though it shows signs of inexperience. "The Legend of the Wishing-Stone," ghastly as it is, has a good deal of power; and there is pleasant pastoral feeling in "From the Highlands." The general tone of the poems is good, and a useful lesson to many writers of the day is conveyed in the following stanza:—

Life is not love—it is a hard-fought fight;
And if unto the armed man be sent,
For one brief hour, a glimpse of love and light
In battle, he should be therewith content.

We would suggest to the anonymous author that the octosyllabic metre imperatively demands a rhyming termination of some nature.

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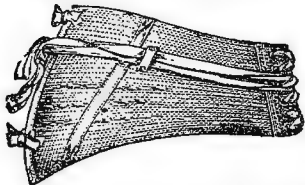
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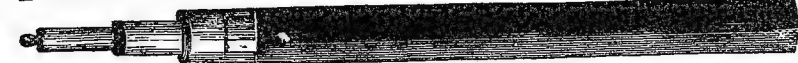
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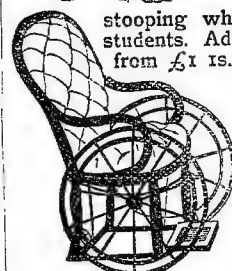
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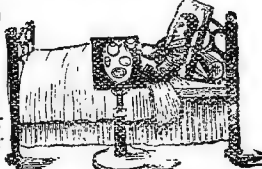


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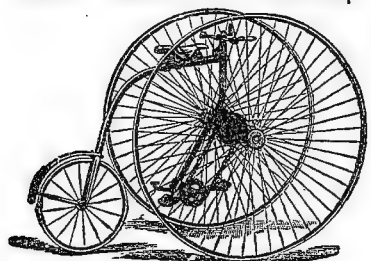
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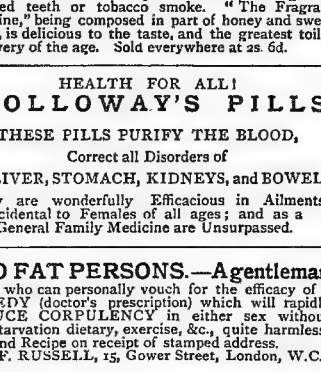
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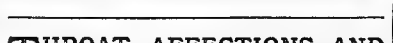
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GENERAL GORDON, I.

WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE HAS DONE

BY A. EGMONT HAKE, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CHINESE GORDON," &c.

A FAMOUS MAN is an object of interest and curiosity even to those who know but little of all that brought about his fame, and it is perhaps because a prophet is not without honour save in his own country that two questions are daily asked in England which could easily be answered in any town in China, or in any province in Egypt and the Soudan. Yet the man to whom these questions apply is an Englishman, and one who has done good work for his own country, and holds high rank in the service to which he belongs; a man whose life has been one of almost superhuman activity and energy, a life divided between the active horrors of war and the silent labours of a missionary during intervals of peace. The questions asked are, "Who is Chinese Gordon, and what has he done?" and the object now in view is to give an answer, which must of necessity be brief, but may yet be comprehensive.

Charles Gordon, commonly known as "Chinese Gordon," is the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath. On his father's side he comes of a good old family of soldiers, and on his mother's of a well-known family of adventurous explorers. If hereditary tendencies and hereditary qualities are handed down from generation to generation, then Charles Gordon is an example of all that is soldierly on the one hand, and all that is adventurous on the other, being united in one man. He was educated in a school at Taunton, where his boyish love for a pitched battle was only exceeded by his intense delight in boyish books of travel, and boyish tales of wild adventure. In his dormitory he would lie awake half the night recounting or listening to such tales after the order was given to "dowse the glim," and during the day he would be getting up a story for the succeeding night, or engaging in a battle royal with one of his schoolfellows. Later on he was sent to Woolwich, where he became a greater favourite with the cadets than with the superiors, and when told by one of the latter that he would never make an officer, he tore the epaulets from his shoulders, and flung them to the ground. Whether the rebuke which led to this mutinous outburst was justified or not is unknown, but certain it is that the officer who gave it was no prophet. Charles Gordon has made a soldier such as the world has rarely seen, and one of the most fortunate commissions Her Majesty ever signed was the one which appointed him an officer in the Engineers in 1852. Charles

Gordon then may be said to have started from this time on his soldier's career as a subaltern in the Engineers. What is he now in 1884 after an interval of thirty-two years? He is a Major-General in the service of the Queen, a Mandarin of the highest order in the service of China, a Pasha in the service of the Khédive, and Governor-General of the Soudan. He is also the Envoy of Her Majesty's Government charged with a Special Mission in connection with the present Egyptian Crisis, and invested with powers which would make his ultimatum the signal for English and Egyptian action, or for English and Egyptian apathy. The next

years between these two gigantic achievements he commanded the corps of Royal Engineers at Gravesend, where he made himself loved by works of charity, by his self-denial, and by his labours among the poor. Subsequently he was appointed again to the command of his corps, this time in the Mauritius, and from thence he was invited to the Cape, and made Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces. This was with the hope that he might settle the difficulties of the Basuto Question, but any such possibility was effectually prevented by the very Government which invited him to undertake the task, and the action which led to an honourable

gentleman being placed in a dishonourable and dangerous position will be reviewed later on. In the mean time we will touch upon the main features and adventures in the military career of the cadet to whom it was said, "You will never make an officer." His service in the Crimea is the first, and perhaps the least attractive, part of his history, but it must not be passed over without comment, for it embraces actions and traits of character which foreshadowed the probability of future greatness. His main work was confined to the trenches before Sebastopol, and during this time his zeal exposed him to many risks undertaken on his own responsibility, but always with some definite object in view. Once a Russian bullet passed within an inch of his head, another time a shell fell within a few yards of him while he was crossing in the open from one point to another. During the early part of the attack on the Mamelon he was stunned by a stone thrown up by a round shot, but while securing the Quarries he escaped untouched amid a hailstorm of grape and shells of every description. His letters home during this period of his life are full of graphic descriptions of scenes, mingled with earnest religious reflections, and careful observations on English, French, and Russian tactics. In fact they are the letters of a serious-minded veteran rather than those of a lad entering upon his first campaign. Later on in life these religious reflections were developed into religious convictions, and the careful observations on the tactics of our own and other nations enabled him to become the great tactician he has since shown himself to be.

After the taking of Sebastopol he was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and a high authority (Colonel C. C. Chesney) stated that during the "Black Winter" of the Crimea he had attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his energy and activity, but by having shown a special aptitude for war in gaining a personal



SCHOOL AT TAUNTON
Where General Gordon Received His Early Education

question is "What has he done?" and to answer this at all satisfactorily requires at least a volume. Briefly—he has distinguished himself in the Crimea; he has assisted to lay down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania; and has been the English Commissioner in Armenia. He has subdued one of the greatest revolts the world had ever seen, the Tai-ping Rebellion in China, and has destroyed the Slave Trade in the Soudan; during an interval of six



GORDON IN THE CRIMEA, 1855—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

"His first definite order on active service . . . was to effect a junction by means of rifle-pits between the French and English sentries who were stationed in advance of the trenches."

knowledge of the enemy's movements "such as no other officer attained." Colonel Chesney mentioned in addition that on this account Gordon was the man sent to find out what new move the Russians were making. Gordon's next duty was with the force that laid siege to Kinburn, and after the taking of that fortress he returned to the Crimea, where, for four months, he was engaged in destroying dock-yards, forts, quays, barracks, and storehouses. With the completion of this labour his work in the Crimea came to an end, and he entered upon what may be termed the next stage of his career, in which he held the appointment of Assistant-Commissioner in Bessarabia, and had to help in laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania. These duties occupied a little more than a year, and led to his being subsequently sent to Armenia as Commissioner. The different countries and places he visited during this time offered opportunities for fresh study, were in fact fresh fields for observations which were soon to be turned to practical account. Naturally active, both in mind and body, this perpetual wandering among fresh places and fresh people served as a useful training to future wanderings in wild countries and among half-civilised nations; represented, in fact, the stage on which Gordon rehearsed a portion of the great drama in which he was to play the leading character in China and the Soudan. An interval of rest succeeded this rehearsal, a rest of one year, during which time he was employed at Chatham as Field Work Instructor and Adjutant. Then came the order to proceed to China, and this was the overture to the drama upon which the curtain is now about to rise, and disclose the third stage in Gordon's history.

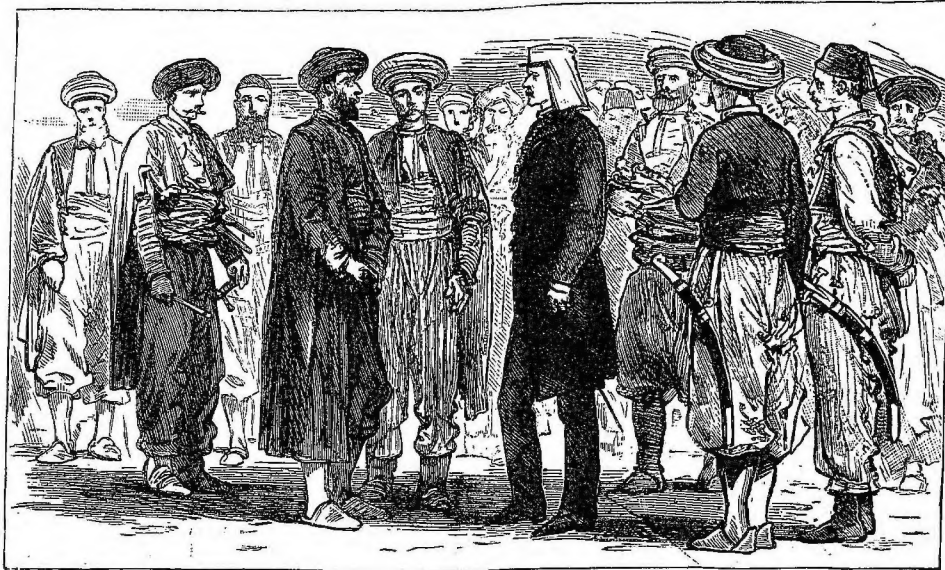
CHINA

THERE is little to tell of Gordon's first experiences in China beyond that he was present at the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking, was afterwards employed in constructing forts and barracks



"GENERAL" WARD
First Commander of the "Ever Victorious Army"

at Tientsin, and that he made a perilous journey to the Great Wall. While thus engaged the great Tai-ping Rebellion was spreading terror and ruin over the Flowery Land. The origin and progress of this gigantic insurrection well deserves a few words, for it sprang from a cause apparently the most trivial, and in less than ten years rose to dimensions so huge and threatening that even the European Cabinets became alarmed. Its most curious feature is that it arose



GORDON IN ARMENIA, 1857—LAYING DOWN THE BOUNDARY AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR

"Here it was that he first met with uncivilised tribes—tribes not unlike those with which in later life he was so brilliantly to deal, and he already showed how he would one day influence such in the manner in which he mixed with Kurds, and fraternised with their chiefs."

out of an attempt to spread the Gospel among the Chinese. Yet, with such a beginning, it is not to be wondered at if, in the then disturbed state of China, it led to the utter distortion of Christian ethics, and that this for a time lent a patent of nobility to cruelties such as have few parallels in history. At a time when the population of Kwangtung was ready and willing to oppose the Emperor and his Mandarins, and when the Opium War of 1842 had supplied the discontented with the means of revolt, a village schoolmaster named Hung became suddenly possessed of the idea that he was born to bring peace and plenty to the poor and oppressed, and to reign on the Dragon Throne. He had met a man in flowing robes at Canton, who, he said, had told him that such would be his fate, and who gave him a bundle of tracts—the guides to his future greatness. Hung was a disappointed dreamer who had failed in his examinations; and what was probably held out to him as the ultimate reward of good deeds in Heaven he interpreted into an immediate destiny awaiting him on earth. The stranger he had met turned out to be a missionary, but Hung declared him to be God; and on returning to his village he fell into a condition of ecstasy which lasted several weeks, during which time he was visited with the wildest visions. These he told to his relatives and friends, who went away wondering, and declaring him an envoy of God sent to deliver them from the hands of the oppressors. His fame soon spread far and wide, and whithersoever he went a little army of followers grew up. Then these smaller armies were brought together in one huge array, and after a predatory march across China, Nankin fell before the new prophet, who at once established his Court there, and proclaimed himself the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace.

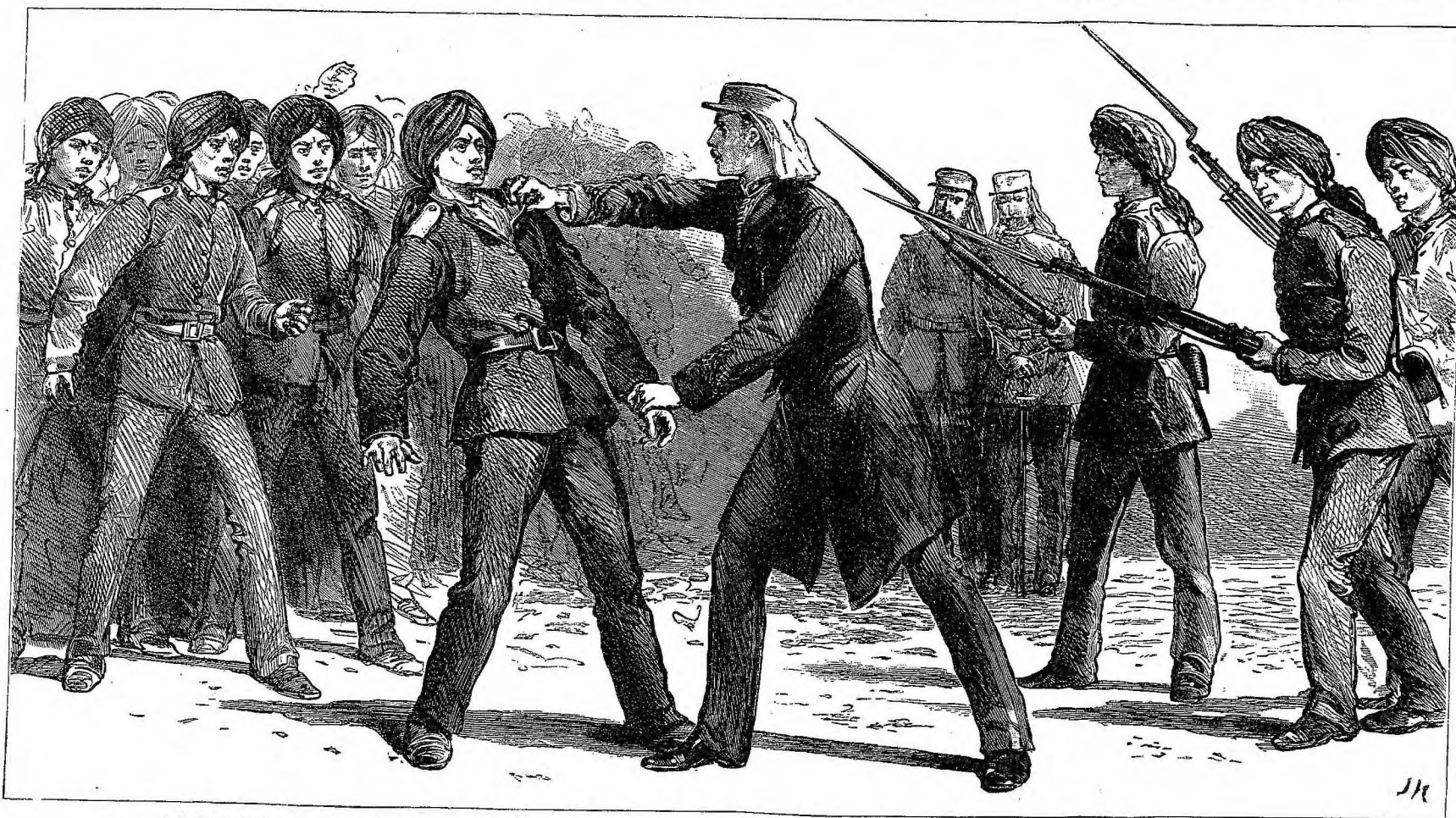
Indeed such was the strength and influence to which Hung had attained at the time when the Allied Armies were before Peking, that the greater number of the cities lying to the north and south of the Yangtsé River—a district extending four hundred miles from Nankin to Hankow—were in his hands, or rather in the hands of his chiefs or Wangs, who led his armies hither and thither. The Wangs spread ruin on all sides. Temples, palaces, pagodas, were sacked and burned; villages and rice-fields were laid waste; and the neighbourhood of Shanghai itself was threatened with attack. The fate of the Empire, indeed, trembled in the scale; all that arms and strategy could do had been done to beat back this awful dragonnade, which, under the gloss of a Christian cause, bade fair to reinstate the ancient Mings. At last the Emperor in his alarm cried out for help, and the aid of England was called in. But the nature of the

filibusters in their time. Ward, a sailor, had fought with Walker in Nicaragua, and, after being expelled his own country, had visited almost all the ports of the world. He had finally landed at Shanghai without a red cent, but armed with a grand scheme for the deliverance of China from the heel of her oppressors. He went to Prince Kung, the reigning Regent, and showed how, with ten million dollars, he could crush the whole Rebellion, and restore China to everlasting peace. The Prince accepted his services, and



"GENERAL" BURGEVINE
Second Commander of the "Ever Victorious Army"

even paid a portion of the sum in advance. Ward lost no time in putting his plans in motion, and succeeded in worrying the enemy by exciting in his own men an inordinate love of loot. He captured one or two outlying positions, and led his men bravely to the breach; but his career was suddenly cut short, for he got shot through the head by an enterprising Tai-ping while storming the city of Ningpo. His successor followed in his steps: the passion for plunder which



GORDON IN CHINA, MAY, 1863—MUTINY OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

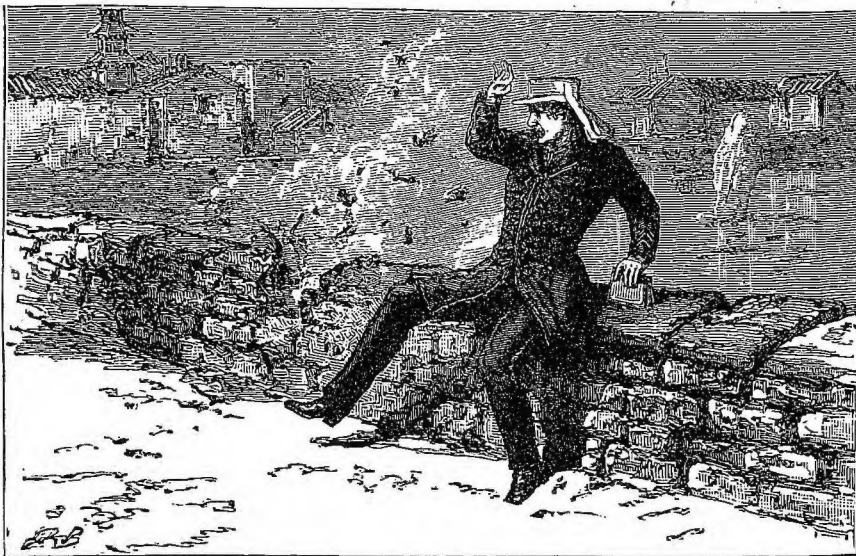
"Gordon approached the mutinous corporal, dragged him out of the rank with his own hand, and ordered two of the infantry standing by to shoot him on the spot. The order was instantly obeyed."

Ward had roused in the men Burgevine continued to encourage. Like the Tai-pings themselves, he ransacked the temples and despoiled the sacred idols of their jewels; and finally, one day, on his return from a marauding expedition, he led a bevy of his men into the paymaster's house, broke open the cash-box, struck the owner with his fist, and went off with his booty. This action, which among his rough followers only added to his popularity, branded him as unfit for service in the eyes of a rising Chinese official, no less a person than Li Hung Chang, commonly called the Futai, then Governor of the Province, and Commander of the Imperialist Forces at Shanghai. Burgevine was forthwith degraded and dismissed the Imperial employ, and requested to quit the place. The Futai, seeing the impolicy of trusting to buccaneers in so serious a strait, lost no time in applying to Sir Charles Staveley to appoint a British officer to the command. This, after the usual routine, was done; and Gordon,

then engaged on a survey of the district, was selected as successor. But before he entered on his new duties he asked permission to complete those he already had in hand. His request was acceded to, and in the mean time Captain Holland was appointed to a temporary command. It really seemed as though the Ever Victorious Army, as this band of roughs was called, were destined to be attended with ill-luck, and to earn for itself the name of the Ever Vanquished; for in the first engagement, under the new commander, it met with a crushing defeat. Captain Holland unwisely acted upon information supplied to him by Imperialists; the consequence was that he went to the attack of Taitsan, believing the city to be surrounded by a dry ditch, and to his cost, and to the cost of his men, found it to be a moat, thirty yards wide, full of water. He managed to breach the walls, but an attempt to cross the moat on a bamboo ladder failed, for the ladder broke, and the storming party was hotly

repulsed. The Tai-pings poured out on the ramparts, and down to the edge of the moat, inflicting great damage on the besiegers.

It was an enemy such as this, flushed with triumph, and full of disdain for English leadership, that Gordon had to face when, in March, 1863, he led his crest-fallen army of three thousand of all nations to the field. His first step was to make it clear to his men that the old *regime* was at an end; to introduce British discipline into the command; and to abolish once and for all the practice of loot. With a rank and file composed for the most part of native Chinese, and with the legacy of rough and dashing non-commissioned officers left him by his predecessors, the task before him meant not only the conquest of the enemy, but the conquest of his own men. A few officers of the 67th Regiment, stationed at Shanghai, had volunteered on his appointment being made known; but only a few, for the terms of their entry rendered it compulsory that they should be



GORDON IN CHINA, SEPTEMBER, 1863—NARROW ESCAPE ON THE PATACHOW BRIDGE NEAR SOOCHOW

"One evening Gordon was seated alone on the parapet of the bridge smoking a cigar, when two shots in succession struck the stone on which he sat."



GORDON IN CHINA, OCTOBER, 1863—DEATH OF CAPTAIN PERRY AT THE STORMING OF LEEKU

"A ball struck Perry in the mouth. He fell screaming into his Captain's arms, and almost immediately expired."

placed on half-pay in the Government service. One, and only one, among them, remained with Gordon throughout the campaign. This was Assistant-Surgeon Moffit, a man of high and undeviating aim, who not only proved himself invaluable in his own department, but who more than once, at a trying juncture, took the sole charge of the Commissariat, and bore arms against the enemy.

Gordon not only reversed the order of things as regards the conduct of his force; he at once cut himself adrift from the policy hitherto pursued. That policy had been one of defence; the protection of one place, namely, Shanghai, and its immediate vicinity, over a radius of thirty miles, against the inroads of the rebels. The notion of guarding the given circle did not suit his energetic spirit nor his sense of a commander's duty. To him defence was inaction, and he knew that inaction on the part of the defending force would probably mean advance on the part of the foe. He therefore determined to carry war into the country of the Tai-pings, to cut their communications, and to strike at the very heart of the rebellion.

He decided that the key to victory lay in the capture of Soochow, which was situated on the Grand Canal, midway between the chief rebel stronghold, Nankin, and his own head-quarters, Sung Kiang. Once having made up his mind on this point, he lost not a moment in planning how to bring about its fall. The district into which he had determined to carry the campaign was intersected by rivers, lakes, creeks, and canals, so that there were no roads save the tow-paths, and no other land than the occasional rice-fields that lay between these waterways. It was with an inland navy, then, that Gordon proposed to carry on his operations; and this consisted of two steam-tugs and a fleet of small flat-bottomed boats, laden with guns and men. The *Hyson*—a tug eighty feet by sixteen, and with a draught of three feet of water—was the most famous of these. It carried a thirty-two pounder and a twenty-four howitzer, and was often used as the head-quarters of the General, his presence on board being always signified by a snake-banner waving at the prow.

Gordon's first movement was to steam up the Yangtse Estuary, and to land, under cover of the Imperialists, at Fushan, which lies on the southern bank of the Yangtse River. The capture of Fushan and the relief of Chanzu, a loyal garrison hemmed in by the rebels on all sides, were the work of two days. This accomplished, he took his men back to head-quarters, drilled them, and started to the attack of Taitsan, the scene of Holland's disaster. The garrison of this town consisted of ten thousand men, well armed, and supported by a number of English, French, and Italian renegades. With his little army of three thousand, and reinforced by a body of Imperialist troops, he went straightway to the assault; he bridged the moat with gun-boats, breached and mounted the walls, and after a desperate struggle captured the city. The rebels poured out of the gates terror-stricken, and trampling one another to death. Gordon was much affected by his own loss, which was most severe; and to add to his distress, several of the rebel prisoners were put to death by



GORDON IN CHINA, 1863-4—LEADING THE "EVER VICTORIOUS ARMY"

"The officers of his force were brave men enough, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in his mild way, would take one or other of these by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. . . . He carried one weapon to direct his troops—he had but a little cane, and this soon won for itself the name of 'Gordon's magic wand of victory.'"

the Imperialists. The conduct of his allies brought upon him the unjust anger and indignation of the public and the Press—unjust because it was impossible for him to prevent an act for which the Imperialists were alone responsible.

And he was by no means easy as to his own men. They had fought hard, but their discipline had been lax, and they had been guilty of their old offence, plunder. To show his disapproval, Gordon marched them forthwith to Quinsan, the next rebel centre, before



LI HUNG-CHANG

The Futai, and Commander of the Imperialist Troops during the Tai-ping Rebellion

they could dispose of their loot. There he ordered the Imperialists to front the walls with strong stockades before manning them; and then, leading his men back to headquarters, he reorganised the force. He filled the gaps left by the dead and missing by officers from H.M. 99th Regiment, and to avert certain squabbles that had arisen on the question of rations, he appointed an English officer to the post of Assistant-Commissary-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This step aroused the jealousy of the majors, and had it not been for the stern decision shown by their General they would have mutinied to a man.

In the attack on Quinsan the *Hyson* proved of infinite service; the garrison, numbering twelve thousand men, was strongly defended, and the guns, as at Taitan, were worked by European deserters, while a chain of outlying forts protected its water approaches on every side. Moreover, in the centre of the city, a high hill, topped by a pagoda, commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles, so that the movements of the besiegers were closely watched, and at a given signal the garrison could at any moment call for reinforcements from Soochow, which

lay at the end of the Grand Canal, at a distance of some twenty miles. General Ching, an ex-rebel, who had won his spurs in the Imperial service, was investing Quinsan with ten thousand men, when Gordon, on board the *Hyson*, and followed by his flotilla of junks and small boats of every description, moved forward to the attack.

By a skilful and rapid manoeuvre the *Hyson* steamed up a narrow canal leading from the east to the west of the city, and surprised the defences on that side. A sharp engagement ensued, but the enemy, seeing himself surrounded and isolated from his base, began to evacuate the city. Taking advantage of the panic-stricken spirit of the garrison, the steamer was moved forward in pursuit. The shrill scream of the whistle, the clouds of smoke that rose from the funnel, spread terror among the fugitives. The greatest confusion followed; crowds of men ran out to be shot down by the grape poured upon them from the guns, while thousands were either trampled to death or pushed into the water by their affrighted comrades as they fled for refuge to Soochow. The *Hyson* followed them up to within a mile of its walls; then, throwing a warning shell into the city's midst, steamed back to occupy Quinsan, which Gordon now intended to make his head-quarters.

The rapidity of these movements, and the daring with which they were followed up, struck terror into the hearts of the rebels, who now realised the value of positions so suddenly snatched from their hands. But if the capture of these places was rapid, the work of victory was by no means light. There were obstacles many and perilous to be faced; and these not only from the enemy but from Gordon's allies, the Imperialists, and his own men. General Ching, jealous of the Englishman's successes, wrote to the Futai censuring the method by which Quinsan had been taken, and further manifested his disapproval by firing on the Ever Victorious Army. When confronted by its commander, the only answer he could find was to the effect that it was a joke. To this Gordon returned no answer, but started for the scene of action, determined to fight Ching as well as the Rebels, if that General showed signs of again indulging in tactics of the same kind. But there was no repetition; Ching sent in an humble apology, and the matter was arranged. As regards the Ever Victorious Army itself, the non-commissioned officers, when they heard of their Commander's resolve to make Quinsan his head-quarters, broke out into open mutiny, and threatened to blow up the superior officers. The real ground of their discontent was their inability to sell their loot in the new city; the ostensible one their objection to serve under a new officer, Major Tapp. No sooner did the demonstration reach Gordon's ears than he ordered out all those who had shown signs of defiance, and told them that unless the name of the ringleader were revealed one in every five would be shot. The announcement was received with groans. Gordon then approached them, and seized a corporal who had groaned louder than the rest, dragged him out of the ranks, and ordered him to be shot. The order was instantly obeyed. Then, turning to the remaining non-commissioned officers, he sent them into confinement for an hour, at the same time repeating the words that if within that time the name of the ringleader were not given up, every man would be shot. He was not kept long in suspense; an apology, with the culprit's name, was soon forthcoming; the name was that of the condemned corporal.

On the heels of this incident rumours came in that Burgevine had joined the rebels, and was plotting to win over his old followers to the Tai-ping cause. Thus, surrounded by dangers and difficulties from all sides, did Gordon pursue his conquests undaunted, up to the gates of Soochow. By a series of brilliant and rapid manoeuvres he snatched point after point of the chain of fortifications that surrounded the famous city; but all this was achieved at great risk and cost of life. The Commander was always foremost among his men, and never armed, save with a short bamboo cane, called by his fearless followers the "magic wand of victory." By his cool-

ness, his daring, his complete indifference to danger and death, his compassion for the fallen, his stern but loving kindness for his own men; he had in vanquishing the enemy made them his friends. Often and often was the opportunity given to the rebel leaders to shoot him where he stood amid the deadly fire of grape and shell, but as often was the gun flung aside in very awe and admiration of their great and good enemy. Nor was it only by daring and by mercy

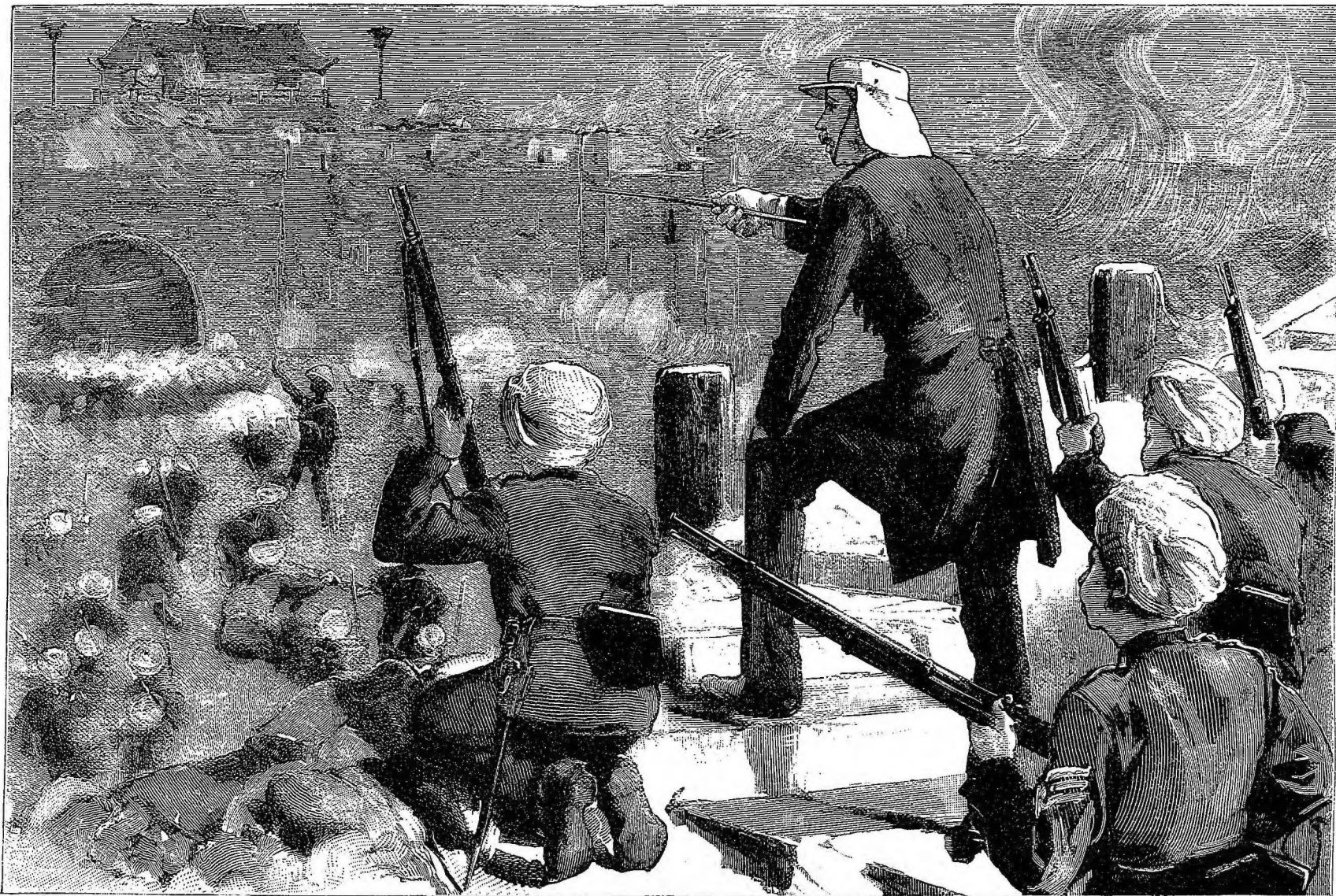


SURGEON-MAJOR ANDREW MOFFITT

Principal Medical Officer of the "Ever Victorious Army" during Gordon's Command

that he thus impressed both friends and foes. His men, many of whom had known war in other lands, saw in him, for the first time, the ideal of a charmed life, and they rallied round him as one who could not encounter death. The stories of his escapes were the gossip of both camps. And no wonder. On one occasion during inaction he was sitting on the parapet of a bridge smoking a cigar when two stray shots in succession struck the stone on which he was seated. He left the bridge for his boat, to make inquiries as to what was going on. When he was half way across the canal the arches of the bridge fell in like a pack of cards, killing and injuring a number of men. The falling stones nearly upset his boat, but he reached the other bank safely. A curious incident occurred in the attack on Leeku, one of the last forts to succumb before the fall of Soochow. A Captain Perry, whom he had suspected of communicating with the Rebels, was by his side. He had a few days before suggested he should prove his innocence by leading the next forlorn hope. Gordon had forgotten the circumstance as they stood together at the storming of Leeku. Suddenly a shot struck Perry in the mouth, and he fell dying into Gordon's arms.

(To be continued)



GORDON IN CHINA, NOVEMBER, 1863—STORMING SOOCHOW

"Gordon determined on a vigorous assault on the north-east angle of the Soochow wall."